

APRIL 1970/CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE/35¢

MACLEAN'S

This is Elaine Bédard, off on her favorite Canadian vacation. Join her, or Nancy Greene or Arthur Hailey or Jean Béliveau or any one of 21 famous Canadians who celebrate 21 holiday places they've discovered—in the 1970 edition of **EXPLORE CANADA** (page 65)



**INSIDE
TORONTO'S
'HAIR'**

**KIDS' TV
THAT
DOESN'T
INSULT
KIDS**



Joey Smallwood at bay
(page 52)

The U.S.A.: Noted for Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of our Canadian.

Last year, Americans bought over 12 million bottles of Canada's finest whisky, Canadian Lord Calvert, calling it "the smoothest Canadian ever," "perhaps the greatest Canadian I ever drank," and "the Canadian whisky that made me switch from that other Canadian whisky."

But we didn't have to take their word for it. So pursue our Canadian for yourself.

Canadian Lord Calvert



CANADA REPORT APRIL 1972

Q: Who Needs Ralph Nader?

A: Canada

*But even without him,
you consumers can—and do—
win protection through
do-it-yourself protest*

BY COURTNEY TOWER

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT — and fault you — as a consumer? Funnish in our sketchy market it seems, you really are a revolutionary of a kind. A reluctant one perhaps, certainly an unorganized one, but you have dreams, the previous, and even business, hoping. You've forced more legislation that protects the consumer to be passed in the past five years than during the previous 50.

There's been good reason for this quiet revolution that only is quiet. Consumers have watched prices rise 13 percent more in supermarket households in 1966 and Canada the world's only national cabinet minister for Consumer Affairs. The purchasing power of that dollar has dropped 16.5 cents since then. And consumers have not hesitated to tell the Minister, Rex Balford, an 11,000 letters last year alone, what they resent: poor people having to pay the heaviest borrowing charges, gimmick "one-off" deals (off what?) and phony "specials" in stores, poison warnings, jotted in the latest type, uncoloured credit cards and poe-the-city problems in the north, toys that eat pieces of metal, reduction bills from districts, plumbers and automobile re-



pairment, industrial pollution. Outside of government, the same spirit prevails. The Metro Toronto Better Business Bureau's 12 phone cannot handle all the daily complaints about crooked charter-flight operators and aggressive credit collectors. Consumers write 250-300 letters daily to the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board, asking, or complaining, about advertising ethics. Their protest.

The needs have become a trinity of consumer demand, producing Action Lines, hot lines and expedient of sharp protests that prod

business and governments consumers write 250 letters daily to the Toronto newspaper about. There's a person word to describe that entire frame of mind — "consumerism." Balford defines consumerism as a proper "prison against inside quiet advertisement manipulation, misleading advertising, fraud, deception and hazardous products." Not bad, but stretching. Ralph Nader in the United States adds a dimension especially relevant to the 1970s: consumers also demand protection from the "voluntary consumerism" of air and

water pollution, pesticides and wastes in foods, deceptions of sales and conspiracy. But more accurately, a Balford side says "People must not be run over by their economy." Consumers are as organized as that.

Canadian consumers have more clout than they mean. But they are weaker behind the United States in organized industry. There, trade unions backfire consumer groups, here, Canadian branches of the same unions have ripped out American lawyers are beginning to form "public-interest" firms to oppose the big lobbies in Washington and represent consumers in court, few Canadian lawyers have picked up the challenge, and even from them (see page 5). Their entry, however, from school. Rex Balford says, "We need to see Ralph Nader in Canada." So we do, but Nader said needs to test and research and lobby. And so far, he's one of an increasing number of voices now urging the unions, the law, the advertising industry — and Balford — to help provide and remedy for all those things very little money is coming forth.

Nevertheless, the revolution has come to Canada. And you, gentle consumer are in it.

Rye to the very last drop.



Rye. All-rye. None of the corn in it. (That's any Canadian whisky.) Or for who can do both.

Alberta Premium
(the real thing)



How Mrs. Boston burst a great detergent bubble



MRS. BOSS BOSTON, of West Hill, Ontario, is one Canadian housewife trying to fight pollution. She told Anway Trityme laundry detergent because it advertises itself as "biodegradable" won't contribute to detergent pollution of water supplies." Mrs. Boston agreed to hold an "Anway party" to acquaint neighbors with the detergent, which is sold door to door—but learned from Pollanor Frodo at the University of Toronto that Anway Trityme leads laundry detergents in phosphate-phosphate content. She held the party anyway—and let the Anway lady give her talk. Then she stepped in and told the neighbors the truth. The lady's husband was shocked—in an elderly woman she was only selling the detergent to combat pollution. "We neighbors still meet," Mrs. Boston reports. "to write letters to the government to ban phosphates." □

Mrs. Margaret Royle and her women acquaintances were plotting a revolution in Toronto in February when the manager came out and said his wife's detergent had been ordered. Two dollars had put their prices up a real a quart, but dropped the price when the manager came through the city passed, and Consumer Affairs Minister Ron Basford told housewives to simply ignore the increased prices.

The Toronto Star raised the price of its Saturday edition to 26 from 12 cents in January and Consumer Affairs Minister Basford was heard to say: "I hope Toronto families will realize in some comparative shopping." In February, The Telegram raised its price, too.

Car safety? We'll have to ask the U.S.



AMERICAN car makers are accused by a U.S. government agency of not trying to meet proper standards of quality, durability and performance. The Federal Trade Commission, in a 128-page report in February, urged Congress to take over quality control of automobiles by setting minimum standards. In Canada, the federal government is just now getting authority to prescribe safety standards on new cars, and will start with 29 specifications already in force in the United States. Howard Griffith, former Conservative MP and leading automobile safety critic, points out that the specifications do not take account of Canadian roads—such as requiring rear-visibility indicators and special braking standards for icy roads. Moreover, he says, "we are still a long way from having safety regulations to cars from the beginning." □

Ron Basford's uphill battle against the tyranny of fine print

Dresses were fine print—that is the essence of consumerism. It is the insistence on being told, explicitly, the whole story about anything sold. For instance, "look-alike" laws give you 48 hours (more in some provinces) to change your mind after buying anything costing more than \$36 from door-to-door salesmen. But because contracts do not guarantee that right is held prior, out as lost, many people never make. They know it. Laws requiring full disclosure of interest charges have not better success.

The principle of total disclosure is to be applied to everything sold that can poison, burn, explode or cut into your skin as do toys and tools. Every such product will have to bear large words and standard symbols of warning—in the front side of containers, where the advertising now is. The symbols are the work of the federal Consumer and Corporate Affairs Department.

These are the department's

new symbols for danger



With a no-small budget and staff (1577 million and 700 people across the country), the department is also working up standards of safety for toys that can poison or burn, clothes that can be highly inflammable (in developing precise labeling for fabrics (there are 2,000 names) and in the textile trade but it seems easier to recognize them) and uniform stars for packaging goods. It has charged Imperial Tobacco with misleading advertising, its first action in the area of "fine print" separate advertising. More than 100 active investigations are coast of misleading advertising are now under way. Consumer Affairs Minister Ron Basford promises to make makers or business owners responsible to you as well as you to them on credit purchases. Now when you buy a toaster, home repair



These Ontario shoppers beat inflated prices by buying their own store. Thirteen families began a and \$25 new one in, spending a total of \$10,000 a week. It was Canada's first Consumer Supply Depot and 23 others have opened in the past three or four years. Members buy usually up to \$20 or \$60 in stores over extended periods and pay 75 cents to \$2.50 a week toward overhead. After that, their purchases cost exactly what their store pays for their wholesale. No prices or products here. Apart from groceries, many also sell household appliances and automobile tires.



A \$31,000,000 key unlocks this door

It lies under Lake Shebandowan in northwestern Ontario. A valuable nickel ore deposit that will help Inco maintain supply for the ever-growing world demand for this vital metal. Gary Davis, Inco's Senior Mine Geologist on the site, is responsible for finding out how much nickel ore lies buried down there. His drilling program, both from the surface and underground, will eventually map out the extent of the deposit. While Gary goes about his task, connecting tunnels are being driven between two shafts on four levels. By the time Shebandowan is opened for full production Inco will have spent \$31,000,000 to unlock the door, some two thousand feet beneath the bottom of the lake. In addition, Inco will see to it that the natural beauty of the immediate surroundings is preserved.

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL

THE UNITED STATES NICKEL CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED



THE PRINT continued

or car on credit your note is very often sold by the dealer to a bank or finance company. If the goods you bought are defective — or never delivered — you still must make your payments, but the bank or finance company has no obligation to you. Bedford says, "It happens all the time — to elderly people deliberately misled by teen-ager hucksters, to the gullible, to poor people who are persuaded of bargain deals."

Bedford also points to check warranties that really guarantee very little — once you've authorized the first cost. He intends to require more competition in service industries — financial houses, advertising, professions such as doctors and lawyers. His

ACEF: four letters that spell trouble for Quebec firms that gouge the poor

ROGER GOSSET, a 43-year-old Montreal-area labourer with four children and a pile of debts, couldn't make the payments on furniture he had financed through Seaboard Finance Company. Seaboard seized the furniture. So far, a desperately over-indebted resident for thousands of debt-ridden families. Enter ACEF — Association Co-operative d'Économies Familiales — and lawyer Alain Brabant. Seaboard had seized the furniture illegally and Brabant forced its return, plus \$220 damages for Gosset. It was one of 350 legal victories that ACEF, a social-action agency unique in North America, has taken for people bewildered by the hazards of a credit-based society. ACEF has lost only one case.

ACEF is an association of trade unions in Quebec (a rare instance of work by union for the consumer in Canada), credit unions, social agencies and youth groups. It has three services: free education on how to handle family finances, credit reform to ensure collection of existing loans, research to build cases for new consumer protection laws.

The 46 member organizations all contribute to ACEF's small (\$57,000) annual budget. The Company of Young Canadians, an affiliate, provides 26 CYC volunteers to work for ACEF. Lawyers donate time or charge minimum fees, says lawyer Pierre Marois. ACEF's manager, Majeur targets are Quebec's law on installment buying (ACEF sues on big department stores and finance companies and successfully wins), sales methods, advertising interest charges and deceptive contracts.

ACEF has helped establish three Montreal consumer co-operatives and 10 co-ops elsewhere in Quebec. It agitates for government take-over of city land to prevent speculation. It promotes the formation of co-operative housing developments and non-profit housing companies. Meanwhile, in 35 cases in the past 18 months ACEF has negotiated for Quebecers \$18,364 in illegal interest charges. □

Ray Gendron on
First Service, 103

complete service at Box 99, Ottawa, interacts with business for Canadians with considerable success. It's an active department, but its current research budget is only \$172,000, its regional offices don't get into the neighbourhoods where the need is and there is little co-operation with provincial business advisory council for Bedford a starved of funds and ineffective. No parliamentary committee looks at bills from a consumer point of view. Unfortunately, then, Bedford wishes other would help by following New York City's lead — it has an effective Consumers Affairs Department controlling business licenses in the city. "I don't know why this fascinating approach couldn't be used in Canada," he says, a little wistfully. □

Two lawyers — two ways to give us a fighting chance against the smoothies

Priorities. Wilfred Nelson takes the adversary view of the marketplace and consumers — it's their quest. He teaches his 30 students on consumer law at York University in Toronto that for Consumer will only be a match for the sellers when he is professionally and aggressively, led as they have always been. "I hope we produce some young lawyers who will argue test cases, lobby, show people their rights," he says. "I hope some make the first Canadian breakthrough and found 'public-attorney' law firms to counterbalance the legal armies behind business."

To that end, Nelson's students learn how lawyers might work in neighborhood advice clinics, be advocates for consumers before government boards, fight small business and consumer credit practices. Canada's legal profession scarcely does this job today. Nobody's students are doing extended research into how the ordinary consumer might better reach the powerful lobbies of trade and broadcasting, some are apprentices with the civic and rural industries to see how they operate and think.

Outside of university, Nelson, only 31 himself, tries to reach agency into the gentle part of the 23,000-member Canadian Association of Consumers. He is a frustrated activist on the consumer 23-member council set up to advise Consumer Affairs Minister Ron Buisson. He believes, he told non-prescription drug manufacturers recently, corporations in the 1970s will be required to justify the social significance of your operations. "Making profits will not be a sufficient answer."

Nelson argues (1) An independent, scientific Office of Consumer Advocacy, aided by federal and provincial funds and attached to the (potentially reenergized) Canadian Association of Consumers. It would lobby for consumer interests in Ottawa, fight test cases in courts, raise public opinion. (2) Consumer Institutes, attached to the National Research Council and provincial research councils in BC and Ontario (in present), to research and test the products that industry makes for the consumer.

Nelson and student

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Nelson would also get federal and provincial consumer bureaus out of their downtown office buildings, out to where the people are. "People in the neighbourhoods don't know what a going on, how they are victimized of what they can do about it," says Nelson. "There are no representative programs in the long-term of the citizens. And yet they talk about the 'aware consumer' — that's a lie."

A board in Ottawa recently created new Canadian TV content is in the national interest. Gary Gendron says there is no way there to argue for the consumer's interest. To him, "the law are not always the last thing."

Gendron, 34, is a highly polished Toronto lawyer who knows the answer to his own question. The Canadian Radio-Television Commission view was probably correct in terms of national interest, he says. But nobody argued before the CRTC specifically for the

Remember Expo.

These four stamps symbolize two of Canada's proudest achievements, as host of Expo '76 and as participant in Expo '70.

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**Canada
Post Office**

GARFISTIN continued

follow who has to watch the TV, on whom all that reality of people may be lost if he can't catch the New York Mets (for a critic's view, see page 111).

Gradstein is talking about well-funded, self-thought-out trade missions by academics and lawyers on behalf of consumers. This is the concept of Consumer Advocacy which is taking root in the United States. Consumer Advocacy is a fancy phrase for having lobbyists act as an expert, just as well-informed, as comfortable among the stragglers of Ottawa, in the powerful business lobbies. They would give the consumer view—the you-and-me view—before those boards that determine national policy in everything from what prices (what about bread prices!) to transport that the consumer has been asked whether he wants all these passenger trains abandoned? If parliament was debating another crack at inflated drug prices, consumer advocates would be there to oppose the drug lobby (which actually, come to us strong last time around it did not harm).

Some say consumer advocate should be independent but helped financially by government, among other sources. Gradstein would have a Canadian Advocates Branch attached to the Consumer Affairs Department, almost an anti-government arm of government, a body as opposed to create and job. His proposal, specifically attached to the CRIC to seek out public responses to the complex, bread-casting issues of today.

Gradstein has held these ideas since he was executive assistant to the Consumer Affairs Department's first minister, John Tarnat. The present minister, Ron Davies, says, "I couldn't agree more that we need consumer representation before government boards—I wish I had the money to help them." But not as part of the department, so adds added—"I'd be afraid this proximity would breed cozening." □

In your corner, the media buttlers: Oshudonaa Fillmore and Penny Wise the Dream Whip tiger



when the householders see the television. He pointed out the shortcomings of the machine offered and tried to switch them to buying a higher-priced one. In another version of the bar and switch racket, Rouse advertised replacement machines for \$65. When the customers saw the state these machines were in, they quickly lost interest, and were given sales pitches on machines for \$259.85, offered at \$230.

It is a game known across Canada. The federal Consumer Affairs Department says it will prepare suit cases for the courts against such "freebie" and "bar-and-switch" practices. Rouse's American Company closed its Dartmouth office after editor Nick Fillmore headlined a front-page story about "Rouse's American Company: Just Looking For Suckers." But it was understood to be operating elsewhere in Canada.



Oshudonaa Fillmore has been writing a consumer's column in the Vancouver Sun for 26 years, which is about 20 years longer than the word "consumer" has been around. She's 40, small, fierce, independent. One of her favorite words is "hardheaded," and hardheadedness is what you require in her cluttered, honey living room in a green wooden cottage on the island.

Fillmore's FFfers write letters for her protesting federal tax on margarine, the high price of beef, the pollution threat of phosphates. "Not enough people are fighting," she corrects, and her delivery gives scolding—as it does when she's mad. "People are fools, they're danger fools, the superstitious rule them, they should fight the slave manager, fight, corruption, shut showmen, corruption, fight, they have their rights and they don't use them." Of course, they need more Penny, □



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Okay, but when did you last risk *your* skin (and your dignity) to help a stranger? (BELOW)

Without TV, the Royal Family's a bust (P. 21)

Small-l liberals with small-m minds dominate the media. Their heads are woolly, too (P. 24)

The simple pleasures of revolutionary Cuba (P. 27)

Nationalists, arise! You have nothing to lose but your standard of living (LETTERS, P. 29-38)



BY HARRY BRUCE

The Bad Samaritan down at the railroad station

I AM COMFORTABLE enough, fortunately, to rest or purchase from seeing many thousands of pleasing things but never strikes me as more profoundly gratifying than a bedroom on a train. Not a mere berth, in which only a canvas-knove curtain separates one from the stranger in the aisle. Not one of those ghastly "holsters," in which one must raise the entire bloating bed in order to relieve oneself, while the train is not standing in the station. But a real little bedroom.

Here, ensuring one is breathing alone, one can stand up or lie down in com-

fort and dignity. One can study one's profile in the mirror, mirror over the glaring sink. One can fiddle with the buttons and switches that control the temperature, the fan, and the alarm clock of lights for the bed, the ceiling, the dresser and the toilet (where one's toilet bowl reads, as it should, in a chamber of its own).

On the outskirts of town, the train picks up speed and the lights of the common public come to flash against the black window pane. I take off my clothes and arrange them on the polished wooden hangers in the clothes closet. I cleanse my teeth and hands. I pass water. I don't clean my glasses. I open my briefcase, and pour myself a Scotch-and-water. I light up a smail, swallow Dutch cigar of the better sort. I climb under the snowy sheets and the heavy railroad blankets, and I tip and read. I read and read a youth-ful magazine, history by Alan Moorehead, scenes by O'Hara, or perhaps a gourmet cookbook. I read anything that cannot possibly contain real temptations. If more infants died today in Vietnam, I'd rather not read about them. If Black Panthers, rebel young radicals and Quebec separatists are all frolicking at the mouth and shooting up the city I've just left, I do not want to know about them. Thank you all the same but, no, I do not want tomorrow's newspaper. You may stuff it somewhere else. I paid six dollars over the price of a roomette for this bedroom, and I'm not about to allow the disorders of the day to intrude upon my perfect luxury.

I peer through the black and rolling night-time, never knowing quite where I am on the land. The speed is

great and rhythmic. The usual place of mine consists of a sturdy of hand, heavy metal, the silver lines, and supreme security. The solitude is matchless. I turn out all the lights, even the frosty blue night light. Tomorrow will be soon enough to read about the bad news, and maybe about an airline crash, too. Clackety-clack. Clackety-clack. I'm going home.

Well, for some time, that was the way it was for me, overnight travel, and I wish it had remained that way, but it did not. Something happened one ugly night a year or so ago and, though I have certainly not abandoned the small investment in person of pampering that bedrooms on trains represent, the incident of that night continues to discomfort me and to sap me of the old stammerous contentment.

I had been in Toronto a week, and I had found the place even more demanding and nerve-angling than usual. Everbody wanted things I was not prepared to give. Most sophisticated asked to borrow money. My university classes had caught up with me once more. Two residence selections and one multi-fund situation pleased me, all on the same day, and they forced me to be rude to them. People kept wanting me to do things, for the local Liberal for the ratpayers against the corrupt land-developers, for those who oppose some homes for senior citizens and stragglers, and other squawks who were in peril of extinction, for an alcoholic friend, for the wife of the alcoholic friend, for the lover of the wife of the alcoholic friend, for a radical theatre group, and for God's sake, for women's liberation, and so on, and so on, and on. And so it is

continued on page 24



1. "Our little son peaceful Lake of the Woods, it seemed easy to think I was on a business visit in Toronto 30 hours ago—with only an American Express Card in my pocket! But that card was all I needed."

Stan Kane found this fishing paradise by car, jet and sea plane. He started with one penny and an American Express Money Card.



Toronto, August 24, 1969: We met Stan Kane outside the Toronto-Dominion Centre. We took all his money away—except his lucky penny—and told him, "1200 miles from here, there's a fishing paradise called Lake of the Woods. Spend a weekend up there."

"Use only your American Express Money Card. And good luck fishing!"

Stan set off, accompanied by a photographer who took the pictures on this page. Ahead of them was a perfect businessman's weekend.

We wanted to show an American Express Money Card is all you need to carry. Wherever you go. Whatever you do. Because the Money Card is accepted world-wide as "Instant Money." See for yourself as you read Stan's story of his fishing trip.



2. "First, I called at the American Express Office. They told me that Suprajet Airways would fly me to Big Narrows Lodge from Fort Williams. Using my Money Card and a personal cheque, I drew out cash and Travelers Cheques for gas, tips, etc."



3. "Air Canada jettied me to Fort Williams. I rented an Avia car, dined at the Royal Edward Hotel and stayed overnight at the Holiday Inn. Paid for everything with my card—car, meals, jet and my stay at the motel."



5. "Peanut butter, fresh from the lake! And my Gylway guide, Mervyn Ogorsky, really knew how to cook them! Big Narrows Lodge was a perfect escape from Toronto. And I paid for the whole trip with my American Express Money Card."



4. "Next morning, bright and early, I flew out in this Cessna 180. My Money Card took care of the ticket. Only 2 1/2 hours later, we were taking up to the dock at Big Narrows Lodge. John Blanchard, the owner, kept me up with a calm and extra tickle."



6. "The trip proved, once again, that the Money Card can take you anywhere, anytime you like, and it's the only money you need to carry." If you'd like the freedom only an American Express Money Card can give, join Bill in the coupon below.



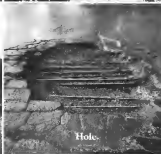
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BY NICHOLAS STREED

Gentlemen, the Queen. On TV she's a sure winner

Once or twice wonderful things about being a Canadian is that all of us get to have an absolutely true monarchy. The Queen. God bless her and Philip — the Spies Agents of the monarchy business — don't cost as a single red cent. The colossal risk for the monarchy — the special water the Queen gets around for the Royal sea, the royal seats that are changed whenever the queen — all of it paid for by the poor old British taxpayer (Even if it weren't, and we worried the odds many Canadians wouldn't complain. They admire the Queen like monarchs and hilariously resent the critics — see, for instance, the page below and other readers' views on page 30.)

The reason we pay nothing toward the cost of the Royal Family of Canada is simple, but rarely mentioned. It's just that we've never been asked to pay anything. And the reason we've never been asked is that, if we did cough up our cut, we'd have to be given the right to take the old look at the Royal balance sheet. Since even the British parliament itself has never seen the full Royal books, it would scarcely do to allow us to poke around in them. As simple-minded animals, we might find sufficient to understand how the Royal Family can be broke and still pay Charles an income of more than \$570,000 a year (half of which he returns to the nation). Or how the Queen can be worth an estimated \$200 million, and still have trouble making ends meet.

The answer to these perplexing questions is that the Royal Family counts its own wealth in entirely separate from the funds it uses to do its job. Just what is the Royal Family's own private money and what is, as should be the public's is hopelessly confused.

One thing for sure though: Philip's famous signature on American TV that the Royal Family was heading for the poorhouse was shown as spontaneous as your average performance of the Trooping the Colour. You can bet Grenada's favorite Canadian flag that the sophisticated Royal public-relations man worked overtime on the Prince's seemingly offhand remarks. The decision to run the whole matter up the flagpole to see who catches it, as it were, was the final step in a strategy to

carefully played as anything that's ever come from Mad Max.

The Royal strategy, in a nutshell, is to dump the whole mess squarely before the British public as the medium of television. The Palace is counting on the enormous popularity of the Royal Family to swamp the glibulous voices of those who ask: Why does the Queen need public funds at all, and what about the shocking state of the nation's mental hospitals? Confronted with a choice between the Queen and Bread X, the Palace's market-research experts are confident the public will buy the former product. What's perhaps most fascinating about the Royal Family's play is the fact that it is obviously confident of consumer acceptance. It is easy to forget how acute this phenomenon — brand loyalty — has developed.

It won't until the third quarter of Queen Victoria's reign that the future of the Royal Family in Britain even began to look secure. To most educated people of the time it appeared highly likely that Queen Victoria would be the last British monarch.

The struggle of her predecessors and predecessors to Edward — in ascending terms, a sort of Royal Riddle — succeeding her was too much for even such highly respectable Liberals as Joseph Chamberlain and John Morley. Even the height of her later-day power as the symbolic foundation of Empire, the dyspeptic old Queen was subjected to personal attacks that today would almost certainly bring criminal prosecution. Her attachment to Brown, the white-skinned Scots gillie, was a scandalous joke. As were her messy pregnancies, the speed with which she counted her fortune and discussed investments. A scandal that asked: What does the Da Vinci II caused worry among high society but they wouldn't be laughing today if they could see what the old Queen's fortune has grown to — thanks to astute investment and immunity from estate taxes.

Moreover, the Victorian level of public school rules in comparison with the treatment dished out to poor old George IV. When he died in 1830, Sir James said: "There never was an individual less respected by his fellow countrymen than this deceased King." If George IV ever had a friend — a devoted friend in any rank of life — we protest that the name of him as he never reached us. George's successor, William, an even greater rebel, found no better on his throne. The Times wrote that he was "a weak, ignominious, accomplished sort of person."

It wasn't until nearly a century later that the monarchy took on the same sort of immunity in serious discussion that had left it a long way off only to unaccountably flourish as a problem. Significantly, this mystique developed coincidentally with public broadcasting.

George V, the devoted family man and bearded patriarch, showed a surprising talent for radio. After the unimpressive interlude of Edward VIII — the Monarch with a Mind of His Own — came George VI, a man enough, shy but handicapped in a media sense by his stammer and shyness. But then came Elizabeth and television and a whole new ball game. Although the Queen is actually a poor television performer, the Palace can TV well, as in the recent Royal Family film. Philip is a television natural, a casting-director's dream. It was no fluke that he used television and not print, to drop his headbowl about the perils that the royal couple face.

Presumably, as the Royal Family reaches new zeniths of radioactivity, so television gives it unprecedented popularity and security. Perhaps soon there'll be a full-scale confrontation of reports that Marilyn McAllister has been seen slipping into the rear entrance of Buckingham Palace. But by then, of course, he'll be Lord McAllister — and Monarchy will be the Message. □

—MRS. I. R. DALLER, BURLINGTON, ONT.

In defense of Her Majesty

I wish to protest most vehemently against Austin's Perspective in the February issue of your magazine. His portrayal of our Queen is nothing short of an absolute insult and is in very bad taste. I love my Queen and greatly admire her wonderful example, which many people today would do well to follow. I have been a subscriber to your magazine since coming to Canada 17 years ago. Now you almost make me wish I had not taken out Canadian citizenship.

—MRS. I. R. DALLER, BURLINGTON, ONT.



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PORTABLE COLOR TV MODEL VC12
Big 32" square inch (29" diag.) picture
is compact in built cabinet. Easy to use control.
In built 500 voltages, sound picture clear.

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depth. 4000 and
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volts deep viewing with
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Designed for the ready-for-anything people. They're off... doing, working, enjoying life. And Croydon takes the action in stride. Performance with a plus, with SCOTCHGARD® fabric protector. Croydon coats set the benchmark for excellence then break away from the fashion routine with clear cut individuality. Croydon all-weather rainwear... for people who stand out in a crowd, without even trying.

For her, a darling crushed collar! Look by John Warden. For him, left to right: WESTON double-breasted with leather buckle; JAPANESE, candy twist with leather trim; Classic AVANT GARDE, slightly tilted for fun.



Rainshine coats by Croydon



BY KEITH KNOWLTON

There's nothing wrong with liberals except that they are arrogant, thin-skinned and dogmatic enemies of free speech . . .

I want liberals would find another name for themselves, "liberal" is so preposterously silly it is a lie. What's more, many of them, it appears, confuse philosophical liberalism with political Liberalism. I wish they wouldn't. The answer of liberalism is to be seen in the Liberal Party could, to borrow and adapt Fred Astaire's graphic phrase, be put in a girl's sand and leave enough room left over for Trudeau's Mercedes-Benz.

Liberals (the less-than-kind) get confused about other things as well, coming up with deadly conclusions constructed from tangled logic. Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt, a liberal whom I admired greatly, once wrote "I was shocked to hear that, not long ago, in one of our schools, some of the older boys beat up their teacher. When this happens, you can be sure that the blame does not lie with the young people." It is this sort of top-down-and-bottom-up logic that other liberals (properly) apply to large national and international issues.

Many of today's liberals want to believe in classic liberalism, I'm sure. The trouble is, their endless authoritarianism keeps getting in the way. The latter-known-but syndrome is the

liberal's predominant characteristic. Being so inflexibly certain of his rightness, he takes challenge and criticism very badly indeed. "Cross a liberal on duty," observes William F. Buckley, Jr., in *Up From Liberalism*, "and he becomes a man of burning irrationality." I think it is fair to generalize that American liberals have the same can be said of their Canadian counterparts are reluctant to co-exist with anyone on their Right. . . . I wonder who else, in the history of controversy, there has been such consistent intolerance, stupidity and stupidity to the custodians of the liberal orthodoxy have shown toward conservatives who question some of the orthodoxy's premises?"

The thing that worries me as what all this poisonous liberal stupidity is doing in an open exchange of ideas in Canada. If the "ideal majority" is slowly becoming less conveniently silent, it is largely because most of us have had our fill of the one-sided profanity of the world we are getting from much of our press, radio and television, where the viewpoint of reporters, commentators, editors, producers and directors is traditionally at the Left.

The political scum of these people in their own houses — but it becomes everyone else's concern as well when they allow it to so blind them that, even without conscious or malicious intent, they choke off expression of viewpoint that conflict with theirs. This is not a blatant imposition over by any means told. It's not a sinister, conspiratorial plot, or some on the extremist Right might contend. It's just happening, as the Left proliferates in national government positions within the Canadian media. It's a suppression of words by indifference, but that doesn't make it any less pernicious.

The Left viewpoint dominates, particularly in the areas of entertainment. From education to the possible exception. Editorialists more closely reflect the views of the owners and, as a class, the owners can hardly be described as pillars of the Left. But there, editorialists are largely indifferent as representatives of culture. It's in the signed book pages, the page-two backgrounders, in radio and TV commentary and panel discussions that that public stance lies. That's where the influence is. And that's where the liberal elite produces its effect, often to the exclusion of any other viewpoint. If Vietnam is the issue, the judgment is almost exclusively Liberal. If it's a corrupt politician, the verdict must be right, severity administered are

"archaic" and "unprogressive." Law-and-order is obviously a symptom for the fascist-minded. The price — heh, heh, well, you know what police are. Morality? What's that? U.S. Vice-President Spiro Agnew? No, no, no. If I were an editor-owned or radio-TV programmer, I'd be worried — quite apart from other considerations, the widespread, random flow of conventional liberal wisdom is becoming plain bloody boring. It'd begin to sink itself, in the song title "It that all there is?" The true liberal might ask himself the same question.

The answer, of course, is, well, there is something else, there is another point of view. It's just that it's seldom given a look.

So what's to blame? Well, conservatism is, in part. When you're number two, you're supposed to try harder. We haven't been trying. But the liberals need only think of the three because the man who's got the power — and the liberals have it right now — is the man who can make the necessary changes when something's wrong. It's the liberals who can open up the media, by not only providing page space and air time to let the counter-viewpoint be heard, but by actively seeking out and encouraging those on the Right to speak out.

Over the past decade, reporting has grown more subjective, more involved, more partisan, and, if the partisanship is overwhelmingly one-sided, you start wondering what happens to truth. Maybe it is strong enough to survive such buffeting — but the divisions grow increasingly stark. If the majority of media men are Left-oriented, what are the chances of the alternative viewpoint being heard? Guess. [Turn the situation around, have the Right dominate and smothering out the Left, and the danger would be the same. Individual editorials are a side-effect.]

In a free society, freedom of expression for all points of view shouldn't really be all that much to ask for. It is, however, too much for Canada to be without. □

Please give me the name of the local bookmaker of CBC. I desire knowing his named. Surely he as a people can hold on to and better TV. Give me, please.

The president of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is George Davidson. My postal address is P.O. Box 476, Ottawa 2, Ontario.

The Indians keep mum about Lost Lemon in this rugged corner of the undiscovered country.



Way back in 1876 gold prospectors, Bonaparte and Leconteville & co. strolled rich somewhere in South West Alberta. After a fight, Lemon, nestled up on Muskoka and old house. Four, built, and the spooky corner of two Indians, leaving we can drive him slightly off his rocker. The Indians, fearing that a good-rick would ruin their housing-growth, were over the overlying society.

Thousands of tourists come West every year — most of them are moved at the incredible scenery. But a few are well-served by the fare of the gold of Lost Lemon Mine. Let Air Canada take you West this year. See your Air Canada Travel Agent and start discovering the undiscovered country — Canada Today.

<p>To give the most sense of Japan's total, take the Sky Train. The Sky Train is the only one in the world.</p>	<p>Let's take the Sky Train. The Sky Train is the only one in the world.</p>	<p>Let's take the Sky Train. The Sky Train is the only one in the world.</p>	<p>Let's take the Sky Train. The Sky Train is the only one in the world.</p>	<p>Let's take the Sky Train. The Sky Train is the only one in the world.</p>
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BY BOB BOSSIN

How I became a part-time revolutionary in Castro's Cuba

It was one morning in Waterloo, Ontario, and my watch had stopped. It was one of those grey, overbearing, lifeless Canadian winter days when it could be two or more for all you can tell by the sky. There was no one around, so I picked up the phone.

"Hello, Operator. Could you tell me the time, please?"

"I'm sorry, we do not provide that service."

"Oh... um... you couldn't just check a quick look at your watch, eh?"

"I'm sorry, we do not provide that service."

This probably does not seem very important now, but at the time — well, there is something distinctly Canadian about waking up and hearing the first human voice of the day say, "I'm sorry, we do not provide that service."

"Why can't you tell me the time?"

"Company policy, sir."

"And you don't make the rules?"

"No, sir."

I still wondered why I suppose there were several telephone utilities. The Policy was designed to fail. I could be in either phone either waiting for the rules to change, or an unhygienic part of a job on the life of the mayor of Waterloo.

The obvious reason for such a stupid rule is to stop people calling to ask the time of day. Of course, not really many people find themselves in a strange city with a stopped watch

and no clocks, friends or hotel desks. Even if they do, the rule is still stupid, because if you are on all this time and you ask someone for the time and they say, "I'm sorry, we do not provide that service," you get pissed off and you start asking questions, like "Why?", which takes a lot of time. And I still didn't know whether it was time or noon.

"Okay, Operator, could you tell me how I can find out the time?"

"You could call the Sun Watch Company."

"It's Sunday."

"A radio station, then?"

"Then I don't know what the station is in Waterloo. Could you tell me?"

"I'm sorry, you will have to dial Directory Assistance for that information."

The trouble is, the situation is structured so that it is the Operator who gets it in the car, though it is not her fault, unless you start to consider the Northernberg Trials, and that seems a bit later. The Operator has the Supervisor secretly listening to us too, like some interoffice romance agent. The Supervisor makes sure the Operator doesn't get too friendly or give out classified information, like the time. One Operator I know says she gets only two bathroom breaks a day of exactly five minutes each, and then she has to put a little red card on her board saying "Enlat." Pity the distressed Operator.

All the rule of flogging all this to death, I'll finish the morning. This actually happened.

"Directory Assistance."

"Directory Assistance, I would like to speak, sir, I'd really like to talk."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Yes, I know. Could you give me the number of a radio station?"

"Which one, sir?"

"I don't know. I'm from out of town."

"I'm sorry, I cannot look up the number if you do not have the name of the party."

"Oh, for God's sake, Operator, I need to know when to take my medicine."

"I feel. Men have done worse with less provocation."

There is a silence that she says quickly, "CKKW 744-7331."

This experience may not sound as though it had a great deal to do with how I was trained to a revolutionary in Cuba. It does though.

Actually revolutionary training never entered my mind until I got back from Cuba and kept reading articles about all these young Canadian radicals who'd gone down there and come

back, well, trained. The last one I read, on the front page of the Toronto Globe and Mail, alleged that a number of young supporters of the Quebec Front de Liberation Populaire had come back visited in Cuban guerrilla warfare tactics. I recognized one of the names. When I had met him, he had been in Cuba a year. The first three months he spent in the lobby of the Habana Libre Hotel, waiting to go out case. He spent the next six months eating rats. Then he got sick and spent the last three months sitting around the lobby of the Habana Libre, waiting for a boat back to Montreal. I met him in the lobby of the Habana Libre. I suppose he was learning guerrilla tactics in preparation for those long cold nights in the Gatorade.

As for in guerrilla training was concerned, I learned to use a machine, not tell words, and didn't eat. But the one really revolutionary thing I learned — and that is where the telephone policy comes in — is that people's working lives and values do not have to be organized about casually around the back. Henceforth, that Bell Canada should provide a service it isn't providing as directly, or Interventional Bell should spend some of its profit to fight pollution in Sudbury.

In Cuba posters are very big in pop art. Since the chief concern is not hard sell, the designer does not have to spend the better part of his creative energy finding creative ways to show that if you smoke our brand of cigarette you lose your striking two years earlier. He can put his effort back into color and design.

One of the finest examples of poster art was a series of 11 ink-colored drawings of North Vietnam. My friend Jack and I numbered into the work.

Gifts on the sands of time

Last summer, I worked in northern British Island, and I spent many days making it and my own. I was unprepared and unprepared. It was always a shock to visit the sea, for there, and especially along the shores of Tremblay Sound, the beaches were deceptively colorful with the blue, white and green results of the garbage bags used for water — a consequence of the spring use and the aftermath of Pointe St. It was a stark reminder that much progress equals pollution.

RENEE TAYLOR, GREENSBURY, QUEBEC

LETTERS continued

into sales by the Canadian authorities. Our belief of openness position is appreciated and jobs are shared in Canada. U.S.-owned corporations in Canadian secondary industry are inhibited in their exports, especially to the U.S. They are obliged to sign licensing agreements with their parent firms exporting them to export to the U.S., and often to third markets, when such exports conflict with the rules of patent laws. Thus, again our openness belief suffer and Canadians are deprived of jobs. U.S.-owned firms do little in the way of research, purchases to import their designs, engineering and technology from their head offices. Thus Canada has the most dismal record of its national income devoted to research. Canada must recognize its essential character. It is time to pay for foreign ownership and it's only choice is to pay selectively to keep it, or to pay to rid itself of it. Canada is going to pay for its own economic development and to only choose to invest posing for it through foreign ownership selectively for its own benefit. It is a risk to take through retained earnings, or profits for it through entirely owned firms. Canada has the potential to become one of the great nations of the world, with one of the highest living standards, if not the highest living standards, in the world. But first it must drop the sick clinging belief of foreign ownership. **EDWARD CARRISON, TORONTO**

• Your February One-Line-Of-The-Month, "A majority of Canadians define the line between safety and security as the 48th parallel," from Mrs. S. Ives, of Vancouver, is called a "cheap shot" is open. You should be ashamed of printing it. It is as an example of how *Maclean's* intends to "The flames of a horrendous war of non-Canadianism" is resolved," you don't have to support out, I think, the support of the majority of Canadians.

J. S. WICKHAM, TORONTO, ONT.

• Personally, Mrs. Ives will spend her day for the One-Line-Of-The-Month is mostly.

JOE JAMES, STAMFORD, NEW YORK

• I was extremely disappointed to find that you take an editorial stand opposing Canadian nationalism. Not all nationalist sentiments are to be condemned, but the type you are trying to create in the worst kind of terms as real progress but to create in-group and out-group divisions. What will you do with Canada, since nationalism one has love? Were your this and proclaim yourselves God's chosen people? This is not bad at all because the status of foolish people are always pretty amazing. But such behavior is also harmful, especially to such violent borders and to the search for our next causal relations. In a general way, group nationalism inhibits the personal freedom of those who do not wish to indulge in fantasies of moral superiority. As soon as the state is seen by a consensus of the people to embody a set of moral decrees, one may expect the

point of people who want to be left alone to be crushed. The nationalism you are inspiring seems to be largely aimed at rejecting United States influence. Yet I can easily recognize that by intervening, as he so vigorously an American we will eventually come to resemble America even more. It is very difficult to express genuine admiration for America without being subjected to social ostracism. Will the same fate await the nationalist in the Great Age of Canadian Nationalism?

JAMES HEDDLE, MONTREAL

• If Canada's radio and television stations are governed by the amount of AMERICAN ownership (not to exceed 25 percent), why not the rest of the major Canadian companies? I fully support the capitalist and socialist of Walter Gordon, Robert Parker and John Moore. Companies will continue to sell out to American interests, said Canadian radio is the case. And we'll be left with.

C. DENISON, WILMINGTON, ILL., CANADA, ILL.

• The equity of Canadians live much of the 48th parallel. As for the book referred to in *Canada Report*, *Clear The 48th Parallel* which "would bar the American act of influence in commerce, foreign policy, sport and the arts" surely it is a strange idea. I live in Canada and I have to travel south to the 48th parallel to cross the border. Transients live below the 48th. Would the writer give the U.S. side of Newfoundland, all of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island as well as most of the populated areas of Quebec and Ontario including much of that will northern north? Give them Montreal, Quebec City, Toronto and national capital, Ottawa, all the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence Seaway? Please encourage your readers, and staff, to learn the elementary facts of Canadian history and geography. **FRANK H. FIDELLER, JEFFERSON, QUEBEC**

Aukie's Queen

If that is the only cartoonist Aukie sees Queen Elizabeth (Aukie's Perspective In Our View — And Yours, February), how does he see his mother and/or his wife? In grandmother there is beauty, and



The Queen — and Aukie's view (right)

whether she also may choose to say about our Queen, she is not and never has been ugly. It would seem that there is a moral here. It would also seem that in some, at a minimum, Aukie is politically deceived.

MARGARET F. FURBER, BIRMINGHAM, QUE.

• Even if Elizabeth II was not our Queen, she is a charming lady who in no way has influenced our lives for anything other than good. So why publish an opinion to fill someone on a futile job? — **NEIL S. G. COTE, TORONTO**

• I feel I must try to impress upon you the complete lack of love for the current Aukie. I'm a great deal on love, and might start by making that it is very poor taste and opportunistic to strike at the symbol of our democracy, who cannot, as her responsible position, even defend herself. **WILLIAM COLE, WEST YORCKSHIRE**

• How Aukie could conceive such a distorted image from one of our most and foremost Queens is an utter national disgrace. Surely it is not necessary to be able to put across a point — no matter how obvious it might be. The Maple Leaf will certainly fall if we have a republic. What's more, the more I travel abroad, the more I realize the petty and exclusive nationalism I observe. At a time when the world is struggling for mutual understanding between countries, for internationalism, nationalism becomes quite unhelpful. Let us keep the spirit of the Commonwealth. **JOHN CONNELL, VANCOUVER**

• An attack to a graduate level and poor taste on your part for publishing it. You are helping Binns, Trudeau and Keenon in degrading our association with Great Britain. **MAK H. B. SMITH, WILKINSON, MAN.**

• This opinion is presumably a caricature of the good-looking woman who is our Queen. This is supposed to be "honest." — **W. A. HANCOCK, OTTAWA**

• Shame is upon you and beyond, Mr. Aukie! — **EMERY S. MAGILLAN, WILSON, MAN.**

• I know who our Queen is — but who is Aukie? — **B. FORMAN, WOODSTOCK, QUE.**

Aukie is Tony Martin, 77-year-old, beloved cartoonist of the Montreal Star.

Bermuda, the king

My opinion contributes to *Maclean's* for the empire article, *The 48th At PM, Prince William, taken from Hugh Hood's book on John Balliol. It is a simply amazing book and knowledgeable man and talk about the same given yet build such opposite views. Bermuda can win the benefits of a much as art, while Derek Sanderson claims its use is restricted to that of carrying food (this after the Great War!) Somehow Derek Sanderson's "knows" here, I think*



Your childhood dream is waiting 700 miles at sea.

Remember that already you once dreamed of escaping 50? That was no dream. It is real and it's called Bermuda. With caves and natural arches that look like the pictures in the storybooks of your childhood. With dry deserted coves that make you feel you've escaped to an island of hidden treasures.

And, when you feel like it, you can escape to the adult world of golf and tennis, water skiing, sailing, fishing, dancing. Bermuda has just about everything plus something that no other vacation land has.

It is a feeling. You feel it in the eyes of the people who live and work here and make you feel welcome. You feel their pride in the way they keep their beaches and streets and homes, lawns and gardens.

You feel it in their conversations, for when they talk about their island, they don't have to apologize for any part of it.

That feeling is the treasure of Bermuda. And it's there for anyone to take home with him.

It is one of the reasons why there is only one Bermuda. Tell a travel agent you're ready to re-live a childhood dream. Or write Bermuda Dept. MCB-70-3, 85 Richmond Street West, Toronto 110, Ontario.

Bermuda

continued on page 32

We love babies. That's why we pamper them so much—absolutely free. With bottles, baby baths, bibs, cribs, diapers, high chairs, playpens and baby foods. And we prepare formula to your specifications. Giving our smallest guests the V.I.P. treatment may seem like a little thing. But little ones grow up—and then they come back. For all the other little things that make The Queen Elizabeth a great hotel.

A CNi and operated by Hilton Canada Ltd. Free gateway for overnight guests. First stop for buses from the airport. Other Hilton-operated hotels in Canada—Hotel Vancouver or CN Hotel and the Montreal Adagio Hotel.

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Montréal



It's the little things
that make
The Queen Elizabeth
a great hotel.



LETTERS continued

most phones will cover their hard-wired money in Montreal's back, or at least to say of the two Andersons in having with us.

WATER: MARY ELLEN WELLS, ONT.

I think William Shakespeare had it down to dead when he wrote: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." He just is sure that never felt a word. "By every such a long!" After coming with them not come to the end of the money. And with a little education, the French quote: "We left a gentle and the elements so used in fact that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man'." **ANDREW B. HARRISON, CHICAGO, ILL.**

An 'orange' you say, Bossini?

To 'Star Trek' Man? But Scroggins' *Star Trek*, by Bob Ross (in Our View — and Yours). It is incredible that Canada and Immigration officers of Canada and the U.S., whose return are paid by the taxpayers, should be biased, ridiculed and delayed in processing return after by people who with no real means of support, while back and forth between the two countries. If we are to believe the news media, some of this junking is a conspiracy for making up and other illegal deals. As for those people who by making waiting for the convenience of our present form of government and immigration rather by attack or force who seek the approval? **JUDITH KATZ, MONTREAL**

San Andrés: it's years by air

How To Make It To 1979 recently when I visited Richard Joseph, *Express* (invest editor) the escape to Colombia will find you, the beautiful offshore island of San Andrés, which is your last on earth. San Andrés has had an airport for several years. In some cases into operations a year ago. **PATRICIA BORDO, WILMINGTON**

Just keep talking, Canada

About these warning editors in your mass census, which you published under the heading: *Why I'm Privately Enthusiastic About Canada's Future*. If those census were examples of wild enthusiasm about Canada's future then "wild" and "enthusiasm" must have been redefined. They read like word Canada's future is both — a welcome — and a full, full, full. Describing enthusiasm for Canada's future is difficult because while some of it is based on fact, much more, from an emotional feeling for our country — a feeling we are different from the other nations in the world, that we are unique. Why? But one thing: we have the first century in the modern world to achieve independence over a conference table, and the countless evidence of self-protection given us without any real danger and more stable than guns and glory. A tradition of discussion and compromise. If it is true history repeats itself, then

continued on page 36



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You can sponsor a girl or boy for just \$12 per month. You'll receive their photo, a letter, a story, a drawing and a certificate of appreciation. You can also sponsor a girl or boy for just \$12 per month. You'll receive their photo, a letter, a story, a drawing and a certificate of appreciation. You can also sponsor a girl or boy for just \$12 per month. You'll receive their photo, a letter, a story, a drawing and a certificate of appreciation.

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SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO TOURIST BOARD 88 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, SUITE 204 TORONTO

LETTERS continued

Hopefully, we will discuss problems now facing our country and, in the give and take of compromise, work out satisfactory solutions without resorting to violence. In the long run, when violence is used it sets a pattern that regularly recurs. We are always talking about the

Uh, back to you, Cambodia.

In *The Golden Road To Expo '84: Filled With Golden Fleecings*, at the head of a column strolling the delights of Malaysia, there is a photograph of a very venerable and very interesting building that has absolutely no connection with Malaysia. In actual fact the photograph shows the Kluang temple at Angkor Wat, which has been located for the past 800 years in Cambodia. Having tried to redraw the map of Canada in Moscow's new trying to redraw the map of the world? — RASHAD, WETTER, TORONTO

Hey — how about Quebec TV?

Re Douglas Marshall's TV column (11/19/93) *Police Of Frontiers* *Marshall* (Frontiers 11/19/93) (Reviews, February): The English-language press seems to be so concerned about northern Canadian viewers not being able to receive cable-sourced, superior (?) U.S. television that it forgets how many southern Canadian viewers, who read out of the Quebec border, are unable to pick up the really superior programs of the CBC French network — another reason, surely, not



What's External Affairs for?

"Give me, give me"

Re Corbin Corbin on poverty: 1. *Give, damn it, it's a Poor Man* — said Gwyneth Madelyn. No matter what government the people vote in it will not be able to do any better. But governments are doing that. It's a people's problem that won't fix, they don't want to. They just sit on their ever widening bills and pull "Give me, give me" strings.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

As I was immediately informed as we had just had a social welfare conference in Victoria at which delegates from Oromo universities within the region. During their free time delegates were provided with luxury 41-seat passenger buses to take them on sight-seeing tours — at taxpayers' expense — and on at least one occasion only (as delegates took the tour). As a taxpayer I would far rather see my taxes going directly on to the likes of some of the displaced families than on providing recreation for high paid civil servants.

ETHELMA, M. A. M., VICTORIA

ix. The Victorian segment is indeed good journalism. "Advocates" Susan Toller says.

public. It is about very much of personalities more had access to their files so that they could judge whether or not "the state information" can be found in the press. The press is not to be used as a source of news to give them a sense of the situation and to give or attend cocktail parties, no matter how useful for business contacts these may be. However, it happens sometimes that a diplomat is that up to date of his equipment and especially the political situation in the country. He is not trained and experienced, may give from time to time reasons for statements and modality if they prove more interested in the "glory" of their position than to responsibility. But one cannot deny that the press is a source for a few secretaries and subjects.

continued on page 38



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LETTERS continued

It would seem obvious also that in this rapidly changing modern world, adaptations to the new scene are becoming more and more necessary. But what is so important about disturbing the public service in this and in some other fields of life, is the apparent lack of consistency in government policies and reforms under present difficult circumstances and problems. For instance, while some reductions regarding the diplomatic missions and diplomats themselves are accepted, at the same time a political espionage from outside the Department of External Affairs is being disguised as open cut and thrust diplomatic post at the Vatican. The author of your article, Walter Stewart, after asking the fat question — "The Dismembered Ambassador From Canada: Who Reads His?" — makes reference to the "Squad" that needed us to disengage out the mass of Sore in 1918. So do we want to play an international role or don't we? And if so, how can we achieve this without a Department of External Affairs? That speaking of the Suez Canal crisis 13 years ago, there can be no sense that the "old needed our experience then?" Some say in this scene past mark and play, while others considered it as a political maneuver, drawing the world was further problem in this area. History will give us verdict some day, and in the meantime Mr. Pearson also is collecting, for a change, awards and prizes from Britain and from some United organizations of America, and he declared triumphantly in New York that he would not send United Nations forces into the Middle East again.

In view of all this, the inclined to believe that Canada should concentrate on her own domestic problems, instead of fishing for publicity abroad, and not try to keep good relations with other countries — without sacrificing its ally. This has been always the main task of the Department of External Affairs — MAX C. KRAMERSON, OTTAWA.

Brainiacs — the wrong way?

Walter Stewart's article on Brainiacs, *The Wrong Way To Solve The Housing Crisis*, should have been an opportunity for another constructive idea on how to solve the housing problem, for the lower-middle income families and how to avoid making the same mistakes that when, instead, he simply wrote about money made by private enterprise. The company (named) is not a charitable institution, it's a company in business to make money. It manages in mortgage, this way providing a commodity that is eagerly needed and not freely available elsewhere. Brainiacs is not a valued asset simply the very best of a bad house (like) and unless the government comes up with a realistic housing policy that everyone (developer, builder, buyer) can live with, until and unless a solution is found to the mortgage insurance situation, Brainiacs — with all aid — will remain just about the only hope for thousands of would-be home owners. — A. WILSON, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

As long as land speculation and its trend to keep such speculators wealthy, the housing problem will never diminish. Who, oh who, could we get a government with guts? The thought of living in a place that will have 17 houses in the air would give me the screaming shivers. — ELEANOR PATRICK, KILGORE, BC.

• We believe you are doing a service to society by publishing such articles. It shows how we have been betrayed by our present government, which provides to be interested in housing. — ANDY MARR, KILGORE, BC.

Thanks, Mike, for Busher

Presented All Time All-Star Hockey Team, by former Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson was tremendous. It is obvious that Pearson is an knowledgeable about Canadian national game as he is about his national efforts. What a shame it would be if his star could go on it for 60 seasons? I was particularly proud to see his captain of Henry (Busher) Jackson. Who could pick an All-Time All-Star Hockey Team and leave him off? (Garry about that, Corn Seymer.) Maybe some day if enough people can think like Mike, we will be able to have a true World Championship tournament in which the best play the best. DONALD E. BUCKNER, MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO.



Mike's Busher Jackson, All-Star team.

Politicians: 'Fight for our lives!'

Courtney Tower did a very fine job on the politician special (*The People's Politicians*, Canada Report, January). His thought together what must have been a confusing mass of information into an accurate and hard-hitting article that is one of the best I have seen at any Canadian publication — a commendable feat. — CHAIRMAN, ASSOCIATION OF JUDICIAL, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

• I enjoyed reading your discussion and I would like to commend you for your efforts in bringing what I feel is the greatest problem facing Canadians today to the attention of your readers. There were, however, a number of points in

OUR VIEWPOINT

your article that seem to us to be overlooking. In particular, you seem to have said that, as you appear to underestimate the role being played by the federal government in public control. For example, as your article was being written, the Canada Water Bill was being debated by the House of Commons. It provides for the comprehensive management of all water resources and in co-operation with the provinces, for a water policy on the problem of water pollution in Canada. It provides that of up to \$1,000 per day for pollution and given as all the necessary resources to carry out a full-scale cleanup of our polluted waters in the near future. Federal-provincial co-operation in the area is increasing daily as all governments become increasingly concerned with the problem of our environment. In view of the very considerable activity in getting going on, I think that your description of the situation as "the people vs. the politicians" is highly misleading. I know of no politicians who have "dug in their heels" in favor of pollution. In this day and age that would be politically suicidal and usually considered as a political suicide. MINISTERS OF ENERGY, WATER AND ENVIRONMENT.

Politician reporter Courtney Tower writes: "Absolutely, if I may have not served the federal government's role properly, but I disagree that that rendered an expert misleading. In my case, there are some who question how 'valuable' is the attack on a new pollution provided by the Canada Water Bill. It was CBC-TV producer (Lynn Givens) and I, the people's pollster, who have been in their early years of environmental awareness. But I would not have been less 100 politicians in Quebec, BC, and in Ontario and across who have dug in their heels? No friends of the pulp-and-chemical and full plants?"

• A wonderful job, however, I would like to point out that the scientific body in Canada that has been active in this field for more than 10 years was not mentioned. I refer to the Fisheries Research Board of Canada to the day when the problem of pollution was not mentioned. Unfortunately, the FRB just formed the federal and provincial governments to act on the matter before it reached environmental problems. The Board will correct the same business and it still the body of government with pure expertise, scientific history and detailed research on the subject — SUN KOSOFF, FISH RESEARCH CENTER, FISH RESEARCH BOARD OF CANADA, OTTAWA.

• We wish to thank you on behalf of all environmentalists and citizens for your Canada Report. It is with information that will help conservation organizations across the public to stand on action for their elected representatives. There are two slight errors in your report. The first: "More than a quarter of the shell fish is being sold from New Brunswick are made available by the effort of fish processing plants." (More information is continued on page 38)



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LETTERS continued

caused by fish plants, the contamination is caused by human waste. The other factor is a leucopis, which is a natural phenomenon similar to the "Red Tide" of other regions, which causes intense odors when caused by bacteria. Second, "Young children do not like the idea of being placed in the St. Cyston River below a New Brunswick pulp mill." The statement about the salmon dying is true, but the pulp mill is not in New Brunswick, but at Woodland Mills. A primary treatment plant is supposed to be an improvement there early this year and we will watch closely to attract. We have other major sources of pollution that are in the State of Maine and are presenting difficulties in cleaning up the pollution at the Saint John River as well as the St. Cyston. — KENNETH B. LAMBERT, PRESIDENT, COMMUNICATIONS OF NEW BRUNSWICK, BOX 546, JERSEYVILLE

Courtesy Times reply: Mr. Lamont's Commission Council of New Brunswick (formed last October) is a new creature of people looking together to fight pollution and it has already been considerably active in its job. The Canadian Society of Zoologists reports that in New Brunswick coastal pollution is serious and that hydroelectric plants are among the major offenders. It adds: "As a result of coastal pollution, over 25 percent of the Atlantic fish along the maritime shores are estimated to be contaminated and the Atlantic white fish is human consumption." I strongly placed the pulp mill in New Brunswick rather than across the border, although the company concerned has neither kept in New Brunswick. Of course as Mr. Lamont states, pulp mills within New Brunswick are just as guilty of polluting the rivers as those a distance.



The man in the picture

On page 34 of the January issue, in the feature titled The Return Of Madry, you published a picture of Vince Davis, the actor (alone), but mistakenly identified it as being a picture of "footballer Vince Davis." — VINCE DAVIS, OTTAWA

Madry's spokesman to Mr. Davis for the correct identification. □



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MACLEAN'S, CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

What's So Terrible About Inflation?

Everything, says Ottawa  But many concerned economists hold that fears about inflation's dangers are based on even more dangerous myths. Prof. ROSALIND BLAUER, of Brock University, argues that poorer Canadians are being asked to sacrifice jobs, money and dignity for a war that needn't be fought

THE TIME HAS COME to take a hard look at inflation, and to reject the blind panic with which our federal government is reacting to this economic phenomenon. We are being told that inflation is a terrible thing. Prime Minister Trudeau suggests it is so terrible it would be better to raise the level of unemployment in Canada than to endure more inflation. To an economist, what is irritating about that stance is not merely its anxiety — when the unemployment rolls go up, you will find no cabinet ministers among the casualties, no bank presidents, no company managers — but its futility and danger.

Ottawa's view is that rising prices rob us all, but particularly the poor and those on fixed incomes, and that if we don't halt the spiral by producing economic slack and unemployment today, we will pay with even more unemployment tomorrow, because our goods will become too expensive for world markets. I have been studying inflation in Canada for three years, and, while I don't like to overstate my conclusions —

my doctoral thesis takes more than 200 pages to document many of the things I'm going to say here without qualification — I think I can say that Ottawa's view is just wrong.

I am not arguing that inflation is good, but that it may well be inevitable in a full-employment economy, if we would learn to accept it and plan for it, we would be better off than we are today, undertaking drastic anti-inflationary measures that may do far more harm than rising prices.

The federal government has already been told this by a body well qualified to know, the Economic Council of Canada. In its most recent report, the council noted, "Further fiscal and monetary restraint could conceivably result simply in higher rates of unemployment and economic slack, with the more than marginal effects on current rates of increase in prices and costs." What is more, the council warned, restrictive measures applied today will have their main impact in six months to a year from now, when a mild

 And it says it with rare force and clarity in this issue of Maclean's. For an exposition of the anti-inflation policy by the man who runs it, see page 46 ▶

"Our political masters have heard the baby crying

inflation is expected in both Canada and the U.S. they will tend to intensify the hardships imposed by the current demand slump. The current price, apparently, is to wait until the data on our economic health is out, and then go in and kick down all the doors to keep the flames from spreading.

The Prime Minister and Finance Minister, J. P. Brien have chosen to ignore the Economic Council because, like so many Canadians, they are the victims of a series of myths that make up conventional economic wisdom. (Among the staunchest defenders of this conventional wisdom are the business editors of most Canadian newspapers, which explains why business and government leaders can become palpable misanthropes about economics and be received as if they were scolding divine men.) The first of these myths could be called the Ah, Yesterday! Syndrome. We know, most of us, that our incomes have improved over the years and we know that prices have advanced, but we don't see the connection between the two. We can't help thinking that it is bad today because it's getting a price, we would be rich. The truth is that our incomes double each year that way. It never has and it never will if your wages go up 10 percent and prices advance five percent, but you feel you're being robbed. But without the price advance, your income would probably have been only five percent. We talk about the doubling value of our dollar, what really means is rising real value of our money.

Consider for a moment what inflation is. Inflation is a rise in prices. Inflation is simply a general and persistent rise in prices. When these go up too much and too fast, the effects on the economy may be disastrous, when instead of taking a handful of money to buy a wheelchair, it takes a wheelbarrow of money, to buy a wheel, the results are bound to be unsettling for everybody (with the possible exception of wheelchair manufacturers). But because runaway inflation poses a serious threat, it does not mean that every upward price movement guarantees runaway inflation. For the past few years, Canada has been experiencing price rises of about four or five percent per year. That's inflation, but it's not runaway inflation, and it is counterproductive — to use a term much in vogue in Ottawa these days — to treat it as if it were. Our political masters have

heard the baby crying; they are resolved to meet the emergency by pinning it. Inflation occurs when the demand of the economy overwhelms the capacity of industrial plants and the labor force to produce them; there are more dollars chasing goods and services than there are goods and services available, and the price of those commodities tends to rise. Inflation is a product of a full or nearly full economy. It was once thought possible to have both full employment and stable prices, but we now know that is not the case. Even before full employment is reached, prices may start to rise, because of bottlenecks in particular sectors of the economy. Our chief policy is to keep wages and salaries in line with the rate of price rise or a stable economy and some degree of price stability.

Everything I have said so far applies to inflation anywhere in the world, but we in Canada face the special problems of being neighbor to the United States, and the influx of refugees from the ups and downs of the American economy. When demand in the U.S. is on the upswing — as it has been through the Vietnam War period — we are unable to resist outside forces of inflation, both real and psychological. By so-called, I mean that our exports to the U.S. increase, creating more jobs and faster prices by psychological. I mean that our manufacturers look across the border, see higher prices offered and raise their own and that our unions respond to the same magnetic pull. No action taken in Canada is really likely to stem imported inflation. Bear this in mind when considering that all-inclusive, wage-and-price controls. There are two difficulties to the control approach. The first is in the problem of administering such a complex system. Daily Price and wage limits bear on only some segments of society, they don't for instance, control profits of investment owners, or incomes from self-managed talents or professional fees. It would make more sense to establish an incomes control, covering everybody, but the Economic Council, after a study of the possibility, concluded that incomes control couldn't work in a society as individualized as our own. The main disadvantage of it, however, arises from the fact that any controls would interfere with the marketplace rather than the cause of inflation, and thus these controls are merely external to the Canadian economy, an elaborate system to control



Rosalind Klosser is an economist and an assistant professor at Brock University in St. Catharines. She like has been researching inflation for three years while preparing a doctoral thesis on the subject. This article is a condensation of the argument and in that thesis

wages and prices might be merely an excuse in reality.

But we are being pushed toward the final outcome by the operation of the Ah, Yesterday! Syndrome, reinforced by other mechanisms, which suggests that there are low and fixed incomes are those men but by rising prices, while those at the top of the economic heap are the least affected. (It is this mechanism that allows our Prime Minister to assure those he proposes to throw out of work that he is doing it for their own good.) That is not precisely true. My own research suggests that the distribution of income is not fundamentally altered by inflation or deflation. Those who have money when money is plentiful also find badly when it is scarce. In fact, reversed, if they may do better in times of inflation because there, and only there, is a stimulus given to their condition. If we look at our group of three people — old-age pensioners — the argument is likewise clear. In times of rising prices, pensioners are handicapped, it is true, by the fact that they must meet increased costs from fixed incomes. But when prices are stable, they are still at a disadvantage. Other groups in the economy are able to bargain for, and receive, in-

creased income to garrot it'

creased incomes pensioners are not, in that their share of the national income continues to fall. Their best chance of improvement comes during inflation, when their plight is more visible, and money is available to meet it. It was by the boom year of 1957 that pensioners received what amounted to more than a 10 percent increase in government support, their share of the national income was raised, not lowered. In short, the problem of the poor and elderly is not the price question, but our society's treatment of them in fair times and bad. They are not helped by government minority programs that begin — as they all begin — by freezing welfare payments.

When we look at the other end of the economic scale we find one more, just the opposite of what we have been led to expect. People anticipate inflation today and they protect themselves by demanding higher wages and higher interest rates on loans — a hedge against rising price increases. From a corporate point of view, this means that the costs of production rise, just as prices do. At the same time, depreciation allowances, which are based on an original cost basis, do not rise. In effect, companies are paying taxes on a higher proportion of their profits, which cuts into the after-tax profits in real terms, and this reflects itself in lower stock prices — as we have seen recently in Canada. In general, only the wealthy own stocks in significant quantities, so the net result is that inflation tends to distribute wealth more unevenly.

We are being told today that the hard-core victims of inflation are those on low incomes — which is not strictly true — and that to meet their needs we must hand down to those same people, by throwing them out of work, which makes no sense at all. Rather than looking the entire economy to let the poor catch up, it would seem more reasonable to share with them the benefits of capitalism by fixing maximum wages, pensions and other transfer payments. This is a cost-of-living index. This is not a wild, utopian plan, comprehensive index systems already exist in many nations, including Denmark and Sweden, and by and large they work well. In Canada, we are not allowed to go quite that far. Instead we offer old-age pensioners a maximum five percent cost-of-living adjustment even though prices are rising at double that rate. This is a small and perverse deception.

We must also remember that the battle against inflation is not confined. To stop prices from rising, those economic tell-tales we read create shock in the economy, which means throwing people out of work, and that is precisely what Prime Minister Trudeau has supported. Unemployment equals a terrible price. Every percentage point of increase in the rate of unemployment, because it means plants not open, workers not paid, goods not consumed, costs as about two billion dollars per annum in terms of Gross National Product.

Moreover, the inflation we last reported only a small part of the price we pay. Inflation is never equally distributed in Canada; it tends to strike hardest in the Maritimes and Quebec, softer in Ontario, which means that those areas that also suffer a loss are hit by the means, but for individuals as well. Some people become completely able long periods of not working; they are, in general, those who are the least trained and poorest paid, which means, in economic which bears particularly hard on young people, who come out of school looking for a job, find none, and become progressively more bitter and less adaptable to the demands of job training. Finally, in times of full employment, the incentive for an individual to seek wage increases through remaining and after-hours additional is strong; when jobs are scarce, the opposite is true. Why, for instance, should a New Brunswick fisherman take a fishing cruise to a port when he knows he'll lose it when the cruise is finished?

All this being true, why do we turn so readily to unemployment as a cure for the ills of inflation? Because it is a solution to be made by somebody, not us. It is not a threat to bankers, politicians and Chamber of Commerce presidents, it is a threat to the streetworkers of Hamilton, the lumbermen of Corner Brook, the shop girls of Vancouver. The necessary good exists, not in us, in the middle and upper ranks is likely to be that we can hear the anguish of those below with that stoniness we reserve for the ills of others. Let them pay for our Ah, Yesterday! Syndrome.

Another of our myths might be called the Fallacy of the Overstating Debt, which tends that government spending is somehow different from private spending in its effect on the economy. Thus, in terms of price pressure, our industrial capitalism can, at the same time, but so worthy and wholesome a price increase in private expenditure and down in development and inflationary a single increase in public spending. The \$175 million spent by Ford and Chrysler last year to build for new-model cars was, by the terms of this myth, good, while increased expenditure on education is bad. The premise of a new industry will bring benefits from the losses of jobholders, merchants and bankers, while a proposed increase in government spending on, say, art centres will further the losses above those very same banks. In fact, of course, it doesn't matter whether money is spent in the private sector, by government, or in the public sector, by individuals and companies, in terms of its effect on the economy, there is only one question: how much? When we want to cut back spending, we must look at all spending, and the decision on where to cut back should be based on social purposes and not on the misguided view that private spending is inflationary and government spending is not.

In a third myth — perhaps the governing one — holds that government spending is bad and private spending good, because the former decreases our freedom of choice, while the latter enhances it. The Prime Minister might want to believe that any tax increase is inherently harmful, because it limits our ability to choose between a new car and a new television set. In fact, the opposite may be true; greater government revenues allow us to choose between a new car, a new television set, a new school, between financing another television station and improving the quality of Canadian cities. Our decrease to the free-choice myth means that when we come to deal with inflation, our first response is to cut government expenditures and fire civil servants, even though these expenditures and those civil servants may be directed toward more socially useful ends than their opposite numbers in the private sector. The myth goes even further, and argues that government spending for the public good may be bad, but government spending for the private sector may be good. This is the doctrine to postpone Medicare.

'We must accept a moderate level of inflation and plan for it instead of thrashing about in panic'

For a year was taken in 1967 we were told the step was necessary to control inflation. At about the same time, Canada plunged into color television, at a cost roughly comparable to the initial cost of Medicare, and with tremendous health benefits involved for private industry. Why? There is no reason, there is only a myth.

When we link together all the myths that guide us, our response to inflation becomes very frank indeed. Because of the AA Yumaday! Syndrome, we are bound to measure only the bad effects of rising prices, and to miss the causal connection with rising money incomes. Blowing demand, therefore, the Something Must Be Done, we approach the task crippled by our other myths. We use tighter monetary policy — the supply of money available — and we have done so, but because the major source of inflationary pressure comes from the U.S. this technique is bound to be limited in its effect. We can tinker with fiscal policy — the raising and spending of public funds — but only within the bounds of our mythology, which demands that we begin by cutting government expenditures, and by leaving the tax man alone. We are dis-qualified, in short, from doing anything really effective except to provoke a mild recession, with consequent unemployment to be borne by somebody else.

What, then, should we do about inflation? My first suggestion is that we take a long look at it, and decide for ourselves whether it is so dangerous that we must head every effort to halt it. Any such examination should take in order that our competitors in other industrialized nations are also undergoing a period of rising prices and it is simply not true that we are in danger of being outstripped out of world markets. Even if it were true, we could protect ourselves by retreating the Canadian dollar to a flexible exchange rate (today, Canada is bound to keep the dollar within narrow limits, at a fixed rate of exchange with

the U.S. dollar.) No matter how much or how little trade we have — and it is no secret that it is what controls the demand for our dollar — it remains constant in value. If prices inside Canada go up, our goods become more expensive to world markets, and trade falls. With a flexible dollar, internal price shifts would not have the same effect.

Let's look at a specific example. A Canadian car manufacturer has been selling his product in New York for five dollars, but because of a rise in the price of goods and labor in Canada, he is forced to raise that price to six dollars. Demand for the more expensive but still old car, since this is happening all across the economy, demand for Canadian goods, and dollars, falls off. The price of the dollar then declines, relative to the American dollar, and the U.S. purchaser can now buy the car for the same amount in his own dollars as before, so demand goes back to normal.

It would be nice if, at all other things being equal, prices didn't rise, but since all other things aren't equal — if we want stable prices, we must pay for them in unemployment. If we want full employment, inflation is pretty well inevitable — so we must make some allowance for it, by tying minimum wages and transfer payments to a specific, comprehensive cost of living index. The cost of this would be far less than the cost of the recurrent unemployment the government is apparently willing to tolerate.

In fact, the current government approach seems to me wrong on every count. It is wrong because we should be pursuing the reality of property, not the illusion of stable prices. It is wrong because the measures being used to combat inflation are either unworkable, or in the appeal for voluntary price-and-wage restraints (a minimum of inflation will show that there is no incentive for the individual company or union to decide by free restraints for any extended period of time, and every incentive to try to move ahead while competitors are standing still) or irrelevant because, basically, the speed or slowness of our economy is tied to activity in the U.S. Our approach is wrong, finally, because it asks the poorer sections of the economy to pay with their jobs, their money and their dignity. Rather than take the authority for tolerating a decline in the value of money, we should avoid spreading the policies that deliberately condemn 150,000 people to misery without work. □



Inflation Or Not, The Oscar Biebers Are Better Off After 21 Years

IN 1943, MACLEAN'S published a story on living costs in Canada that featured the Biebers of a Hamilton Ontario steelworker. Oscar Bieber, an hourly-rated employee with the Steel Company of Canada. We found that Bieber his wife Muriel and their son Gerald were having some difficulty making ends meet in an era — as we then thought — of astronomical high prices. From time to time since then we have gone back to visit the Biebers and on each occasion we have found prices still advancing on them remorselessly. However, Bieber's wages were rising even faster than prices, and he was gradually moving from an almost hand-to-mouth existence in 1945 to one of comfortable affluence in 1966. Recently we returned to Hamilton to see how the latest spiral of inflation was affecting the Biebers and once again they were much better looking their own.

When this experiment began more than two decades ago, Bieber was paying only \$20 a month to rent. He paid more than that today in mortgage costs. Food cost much less then, too. A quart of milk was 19 cents, a loaf of bread 32 cents, potatoes were three cents a pound and eggs 16 cents a dozen. A visit to the grocery cost two dollars in 1943 and a gallon of gasoline 40 cents. Almost every thing was much lower. So were wages. At that time Bieber's hourly rate of pay was \$1.28. His gross for a 44-hour week was \$52 and his take-home pay was \$47.50 (taxes were lower yet). Today, his hourly rate is \$3.45 (his union won a 30% cent an hour hike last October after an 80-day strike). It also won a 36% cent an hour increase for August 1, 1970, and another August 1, 1971. His gross for a 43-hour week is \$118.80 and his net pay is \$110. Despite price increases that \$110 goes much further than did the \$47.50 he earned in 1943.

At the time of our first article about the Biebers they lived in a five room flat in Hamilton's factory district. They had no car, almost no appliances and no money left over for luxuries. In fact, Bieber's take-home pay of \$47.50 was more than matched by a weekly outlay of \$57.45 with the difference made up from part-time work and part savings.

As his salary increased over the years, Bieber was able to put some money by, to provide for an almost entirely different mode of living. Today the family lives in a comfortable bungalow purchased in 1958 for \$10,000 (its current market price is about \$25,000), and Bieber figures his equity in it today at \$18,000 (based on the slope of Hamilton Mountain (one of the perks Bieber really treasures is the view of two worlds for billions given in his own backyard). Certainly the steel worker pays more for shelter than he did — his monthly mortgage payment is \$104 — but this is his own house well furnished and in a nice neighborhood. The Biebers have steady rising expenses today and drive a 1968 four door station of Japanese make. Food certainly costs more — \$36 a week today compared to \$20 a week in 1943, and the Biebers eat no better now than they did then — but Bieber works about 14 hours to net that \$36 today. It took over 10 hours to net the \$20 before.

Just as important as these material advances is a difference in social security. Bieber and his wife are covered by medical and health insurance as a Steel Company employee. He has life insurance and will have a pension of at least \$300 a month at 65. Twenty-two years ago only Bieber was covered under the model plan and there was only a small pension to look forward to.

Bieber is acutely conscious of rising prices and the most of us, he grumbles about them, but he is aware that what counts for him is the ability to meet the price increases, and better than with wages paid. "Thanks to the union we've been able to do all right," he says. "So people get money who don't have a union I just don't know." □

The Biebers spend \$16 a week on food compared to \$10 in 1943. More at the grocery store: \$8.25 (1943) spent \$2.35 for milk, \$7.90 for food.

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Don't Be Fooled. In The Long Run, Inflation Cheats All But The Very Clever And The Very Rich

Ottawa argues that a policy of restraint will hurt most Canadians less than a continued rise in prices. As chairman of the Prices and Incomes Commission, Dr. John Young is charged with the job of preserving the value of our dollar. In this exclusive interview, he tells why his task is vital and how he's tackling it.

Last July the federal government established a watching board on inflation: the Prices and Incomes Commission. The commission's specific mandate is to recommend measures designed to achieve price stability and to encourage self-imposed restraint. In this article the chairman of the commission, Dr. John Young, explains why the government feels such restraint is necessary by answering some basic questions about inflation. First

Question: What is inflation?

Answer: The word "inflation" can be used to refer to a number of different situations, but in Canada today it is mostly a shorthand way of describing a rapid and general rise in prices and thus a decline in the purchasing power of the dollar.

Question: How bad is the present inflation?

Answer: It is the worst since the Korean war, and if the past few years are to be described as galloping, it is one of the most severe and prolonged peacetime inflations in Canada's history.

Question: Doesn't inflation help to keep up employment and make the economy prosper?

Answer: Yes, in the short run. Indeed people switch on to the fact that prices are rising, we can get some extra growth in the economy as inflation develops. We get this, of course, at the expense of those who are not quick enough or powerful enough to protect themselves against a decline in the value of money.

In countries such as Canada with a large backlog of relative price stability, the kind of thing that can go on for quite a while. (Remember the people who hold on to their bonds and are now waiting for the price of houses to come down to a reasonable level again?) Eventually, even these inert investors see economic events such as the fact that prices are rising and, if they do, begin to act on the assumption that prices will continue to rise. When this happens, inflation no longer contributes to higher employment or greater output. All we get is rising prices and a decline in the purchasing power of the dollar.

People often talk liberally about the trade-off between higher employment and price stability, arguing that higher employment can be achieved at the cost of a deterioration in the purchasing power of the dollar. To someone such as I am, it is, in effect, that those responsible for managing the economy should deliberately and permanently re-

duce the value of the money they issue for purely a short-term advantage.

Question: Isn't some increase in prices inevitable?

Answer: Yes, some increase in the conventional measures of price change, such as the consumer price index, will occur this year and next. Moreover, almost all the experts that over the years asked there will not be some upward movement. In recent years every attempt to define national economic objectives has sought to incorporate price stability as the goal to be attained. The Royal Commission on Banking and Finance, the Royal Commission on Taxation and the Economic Council of Canada have all come out in favor of accepting change in the consumer price index of around 1½ percent to two percent a year as about the best that can be expected over the long run. Of course, the measures of price change that are available are all to some extent imperfect and the best estimates of the price of some commodities that are necessary of an overall average of zero is to be achieved are very hard to bring about in our present economy. There is, however, a major difference between the behavior of the best estimate a year and the 4½ percent a year we are having now. At 3½ percent a year the value of the dollar is reduced to 90 cents in about 47 years, while at 4½ percent this happens in about 36 years.

Question: What is bad about inflation?

Answer: This is not a question that is asked very frequently. Most people find inflation so irritating and frustrating that even those who report any monetary gains to say it are usually not bold enough to come out in favor of inflation directly. Given this general public hostility to inflation, there is always a temptation for anti-inflationists to exaggerate its dire consequences of rapid and continuing price increases. Over the short run, unexpected inflation may stimulate the economy, but only by changing some for the benefit of others. Expected inflation does not provide any stimulus and would not be viewed to achieve that reasonable price stability. Indeed, the system advocated by some in which governments maintain a rapid but steady rise in prices and offset some of the bad effects on income claims by increasing pensions, welfare payments, etc., in line with general changes, is not a system that is likely to prevail in the real world. Any government strong enough and capable enough to maintain a steady rate of price in-

crease is also strong enough and capable enough to maintain reasonable price stability, and will do so. Any government not capable of controlling that degree of influence over the economy will, in fact, allow prices to alter at rates that vary with the ebb and flow of economic and political events and are therefore impossible to predict. The kind of long-run inflation, which is the only kind we are likely to get unless it is very difficult to maintain the kind of financial arrangements we now have for providing funds for residential housing and for various levels of government. Until major changes in these arrangements are made, these parts of the economy are, therefore, likely to bear much of the impact of price-inflexibility.

It is obvious that some people benefit from continuing inflation. If, however, there is no net gain in output from running the economy this way, then it follows that others must lose. Those who lose are those who are less able to adapt their money incomes and the limits of their savings to continuous large and variable price increases. Those who are clever at arranging their financial affairs, or possess economic or political power, can generally look after themselves pretty well. Those who are less able to adapt cannot bring pressure to bear on the most likely sources of inflation. Retired people trying to get by on fixed incomes have had a difficult time in recent years.

If it were true that unemployment could be maintained at a lower level over the years with continuing inflation and with reasonable price stability, the poor and underprivileged might get some benefit to offset the share of the cost of inflation borne by many of them. But there is no plausible reason for believing this to be the case.

Question: Can anything be done about inflation by Canadian actions alone?

Answer: The short answer is no. This country, not a sign of it. The United States, not a small, fully integrated part of the world economy. While there is no question that economic as well as other events in Canada are very much affected by what goes on beyond our borders, not particularly by what goes on in the United States, we are not helpless. Much of our present inflationary problem stems from events and attitudes that are Canadian in origin and we can do much to bring Canadian policies under control.

The job would, of course, be much harder and require more basic changes if the government of the United States

were not grappling with its own inflationary problem in the same way. Those who suggest that we should act by and wait for the effects of United States policies to be felt in Canada are, in effect, suggesting that we wait until our international position has been so undermined that we have no choice but to act precipitately to bring things back into line.

Given what we know, this would not be a responsible policy. We would, however, like to know much more about the international aspects of Canadian inflation and this is one of the areas the research staff of the Prices and Incomes Commission will be exploring in depth.

Question: Isn't the cure for inflation wage and price controls?

Answer: It is certainly the case that when an inflation develops the momentum of this one, it is hard to stop. The routine of general expenditure restraint will work, but not without some undesirable side effects. If all prices and incomes were very sensitive to changes in market forces, the problem would be solved. A softening in the market for goods would yield immediate effects on prices and a softening in the market for labor would reduce money incomes.

Unfortunately, things are not that easy. Those with power to influence markets for goods or for labor can resist short-term changes in market conditions, with the result that employment and output fall, rather than the rate of price and wage increases. This use of the traditional means of control leads to results that one wants but which are hard to avoid.

It is for this reason that the Prices and Incomes Commission decided to try to persuade those with market power to accept a system of restraint in order to reduce the undesirable side effects of inflation on public and private spending. To the extent that this is possible, it means less unemployment and less of the damage that inflation can do.

Question: Will voluntary restraint work?

Answer: People who ask this question often couple it with the observation that individuals cannot be expected to act in any other way than that dictated by a narrow view of their own immediate self-interest. It might be possible to run a society such as ours if people really behaved this way — but they don't.

There are, of course, limits to how far individuals can be expected to go in taking a more enlightened view of their own self-interest, and this is particularly difficult in the case of prices and incomes. Nevertheless, almost all the major

groups in the economy have strong reasons for taking a broader view than that suggested by short-run self-interest. Businessmen have for a number of years been very concerned with the general problem of inflation and have recognized that if governments are driven to take fairly drastic measures to deal with the problem, this may well have adverse effects on the position of their firms.

In the case of labor, there is also widespread concern about the problem of rapidly rising prices and in this case much more reason to be worried about the effects of alternative ways of controlling inflation. As indicated earlier, the traditional techniques for restraining expenditure have undesirable side effects, the most serious of which is unemployment. It is, therefore, wage and salary earners who have the most to lose from the use of the traditional weapons, and they must thus have an interest in finding a partial substitute for the usual techniques.

Other groups have varying degrees of motivation to support a direct scaling down of prices and income increases. Many farmers in Canada have been subjected to a sharp squeeze between relatively stable prices for their output and rapidly rising wage and cost increases. Other groups have shared more fully in the general rise in prices and incomes, but have found the loss-trapping process a problem one and have indicated some willingness to share in a program designed to bring inflation under control.

Any program of direct restraint also draws a good deal of support from those concerned with the fate of the low-income regions of Canada. When general measures of restraint are used, they affect all parts of the economy and there are limits to the extent to which these weapons can be made more selective in their impact. Thus any technique that limits price and income increases without adding to the level of unemployment in the low-income parts of the country derives much support from these areas.

This is not to say that it is easy to obtain support for a system of direct restraint. It is to say, however, that if this restraint is going to be brought under control, there will be some concern to maintain the level of unemployment and loss of output during the next year or two should not be caused in drawing a program of direct restraint. □

For a guide to your personal inflation line (continues here on page 20)

What 'HAIR' Is Doing To A Bunch Of Otherwise Ordinary Canadian Kids...

Well, not quite ordinary

BY KASPARS DZEDUZE
Photographs by Horst Ebercht

IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, the early-morning confrontation in a silent hallway on the 11th floor of that great salacious theatre, the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. Early morning means some time between 11 o'clock and noon, when the exhausted cast of *Hair* wakes and shows the first undeniable signs of life — such as searching for cigarettes. As one end of the corridor, there's an old dowager guest from the hinterland. She wads down the hall, her sharp eyes ever ready to identify all forms of moral decay and, what's that, what's that extraordinary figure coming along the wall toward her? There, from the other end of the three stairwells, a weary performer, startled only as a bodhisattva by the navigator from one floor onto another in pursuit of a cigarette. The narrator faces the *Hair* with her moral-decay eye and sighs, "Young man! If you choose to make a spectacle of yourself in public, that can't be helped, but you could have the decency not to drag your sheets along the ground. Other people might have to sleep on them, too." So this young fellow, braving with a 20-year-old's shame and respectfulness, picks the sheet up off the ground, folds it neatly under his arm and continues down the hall (Mark asked).

Usually, the 14 boys and 15 girls in the Toronto company of *Hair* — known as the Mississauga Tribe, every *Hair* company is assigned the name of an Indian tribe — would not afford to be so open in their games. When *Hair*, the tribal-lore rock musical and Broadway smash hit, had opened schematics for the Toronto production, its authors, Gerome Ragni and James Rado, had brought most of the cast to live with them in this string of suites at the Royal York, and they were all under a constant stare. The moment they had been accepted into the cast of *Hair* they had been lifted into the public eye — and had been changed. They were no longer just kids with hair, and with or without regular employment. Now, they were walking symbols of the teenage apocalypse of drugs, sexual freedom — and hair — that haunts the dreams of middle-aged parents.

But if the Mississauga Tribe isn't really a collection of frisks forever flailing out off the ground on a disorganized cloud, and even though they're mostly kids from the middle-class homes of southern Ontario, they are nonetheless special in one way. They're talented — talented in a director's dream and screen style. The version of *Hair* playing at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre has been called the "finest" of any of the 28 or so productions home staged around the world. The point, however, is Toronto: the play is coordinated by an

West End author Gerome Ragni (right) and James Rado here, around the play and best synopsis of the tribal two-rock musical in Toronto — and have changed the lives of the kids they cast to play it.



them Rago and Rado the way they want it donated, and not the way that's most expedient for the show's ubiquitous publicity agents. The parents, because the members of Mensageiro Tribo are mostly white-angels and, for them, the play is about their hair, that's it. It's for the professional code checker in the world. The Mensageiro Tribo consists really of musical, theatrical kids, kids who have ideas about groups, or performing solo in bars and nightclubs, kids who want to be models but never entered in the contest — kids who were living the Hair life before the play caught up with them. That may be why the theatre critic for the New York Times, Clive Barnes, could describe the Toronto production as the "another" Hair of them all. And the protest.

PALL RYAN is a 22-year-old musician, a bespectacled young man who might have been found in a place like a cafe in Des Moines, pacing the moonlit streets of St. Petersburg on his dark blue motorcycle. Paul and his brother Chris walked off with major parts in the show, and they speak for the rest of the 200 kids who make up Mensageiro Tribo. "We're attracted to it for what it means, and because it has me talk to the adult people who need to hear these things," Paul says. "The show's not for kids — most young people have a hard time hearing it."

Not all the performers showed up for that reason alone. They want because, well, there aren't that many open acts for big productions and because it's hard to make your living performing in clubs and on tour, even performing, even clubbing, paid gigs.

Everyone knew that Mar was about the U.S. draft, drugs, smoking the Establishment — all the problems and preoccupations through which the young bring themselves to their raggedly parent's notice. Everyone knew that Hair stands in the same relation to youthful protest against adult immaturity as Bertland Russell stood in the avant-garde and hedonist political protest against the adult world. There was more, too. Not much knowledge but, along with their youth and, always, the inexperience here, perhaps it was enough to shape the 20 performers into the family, the Tribo, that Rago and Rado saw as the foundation of the play's dream and meaning.

Frank Mason is a 22-year-old native of Bay de Verde, Newfoundland, and the son of many club dates and television appearances. "We're," he says, "a New England band." The reporter from Newfoundland is an organic place and they really dig it." Between playing old records and pecking on the piano,

Mason also recalls the beginnings of the Mensageiro Tribo's family linkage.

"There was less than a month to prepare for the preview opening, and we had to go to know each other in a hurry, so we used various excuses to do it through the door. One of the Tribo executives made a single person stand outside a circle of six or seven others. The person in the middle would close his eyes, make his body go rigid and fall, he'd straight out, trying to get, whoever was standing there to feel, would catch him. The wouldn't know who that might be, because the circle was always moving. And he couldn't pop out and let his body go limp, even though he'd have to be halfway to the floor before someone could catch him. It really worked, at least to make superficial acts of contact. But we had to let the exercises go as we moved into the real rehearsals, and that hurt. We used them, even now."

Mar wants to give each member of the show the energy he needs to project himself into the show. To participate on exactly his own terms. And when everyone is approached for what he can do, then the conventional standards as longer apply, and making his own choice is demanded. The old can't be true, which granted opportunity and need to some individual, are irrelevant here. In the same way, the production must remain a disappointment to those professional values that demand a Callaghan Alexander Nathan Cohen, theatre critic for the Toronto Daily Star, told into a bin filled with pedestrian criticism when he observed that "the people in Hair should have attractive faces." This show has already attracted one. One of the club's leaders snatched up and down the club's bearing a placard that read "Bob Green is in a 10 glory." Any kid might believe in Hair whether he was just out too far, or he'd been don't put out for enough.

By the time Mar had opened for two weeks of preview performances, there was enough Tribo feeling to prompt actors Tim Rado and Gerry Rago to open their own hairdressing barbers for these kids who didn't want to go home after performances. Paul Ryan recalls that the Royal York theatre was filled with an ever-changing stream of cut who "don't want to be seen." Nobody kept in any specific mind, and people drifted from table to table, doing whatever moved them.

A female stream of hair-cutters through the decrepit, post-protest, pin-striped dressing room backstage at the Royal Alexandra. "The reporter has worn some silly stories," the voice laughs. "Anybody put some silly story?" George W. Lee IV comes up and

beams. "There was some crazy thing going on up there, man, but we're not gonna tell you." It's partly true, partly false, and everyone laughs. Ryan winks his head. "Nitty nitty! I guess people are just dying to find out how we had costumes open up there. Too bad for them."

Rudy Brown, the 24-year-old clown from Guatemala, joins the conversation, but he is not so hot inside. His mood. "People are really disappointed after they see us, because we're not vulgar, or like, or animals. People are surprised we can talk well, that we don't smell. And each night, we're out there saying, 'We're just like you, we're all together,' but that's not what they want." His eyes flash. "That's not what they mean to there. Now, if we really did manufacture on the stage, right up front there, then they'd love it. They could go home with something to talk about over breakfast." Rudy Brown turns away.

Hair is an unusually robust and active show. The Hairists swing down over the audience on ropes. They clamber up ladders and scaffolding, and jump into one another's arms. It's all in the air. It's not surprising then that almost everyone wears a flesh-colored bodysuit somewhere on his softly lined anatomy. Sometimes, says 16-year-old Tabby Kalamita, it's all too much. "They broke one of my toes, all of them trying to push up to the foot of the stage." Toby Laak, a pop singer-songwriter-popular who was reborn as a *Waxist*, strained his ankle in a similar way. He was not in a plaster cast, but he was on crutches, for a week, towering above the rest of the cast and adding a certain visual focus to his renditions of *Agnes and George* and *God of Power*. The Ryan brothers often require them to take part in all kinds of onstage roughhousing, but they are hemophiliacs and it was necessary to stage other actors to perform their more robust activities.

As the reality in the show, still, varies with each other, the kids — and with each of their parents. Understanding has been optional for everyone. No one is prodded for sex dancing, but those who remain clothed do not stand up for the issue of the first act. "I'm so sorry that I just barely let the show. I'm coming with look at me, because we're the first scene. Another girl named, 'I wanted to take my clothes off tonight, but my mother said if I do, it's out of the house.'" Squ.

There are usually more boys standing in the male row than girls. The girls may stay, at Avril Clowes does, but "people in the audience get their looks

seeing kids, really young, fresh kids, taking their clothes off. I don't see why we should change them. A relationship with a girl is so much more meaningful than 30 seconds made on stage. And when parents tell the director up to her, says, "That's the most difficult part of the show. It can really be beautiful, but the beauty of the body isn't what's getting across in the audience. I don't take my clothes off at the start, but it gets to be such a struggle that I just had to do it a few times to get free. And the body's still a personal thing, not for 15 minutes, people to see." Tabby Kalamita, 16, had some trouble about the scene at all. "My father told me that if I went on nude, he'd come on stage and speak me."

As a group, the most surprising thing about the Hairists is their comradery. Some are even very shy and most of them are sensitive, tolerant people. They've had some previous theatre experience on New York's, at a quiet party, then, let alone on stage, celebrated as a punk, sat on rags and cushions, taking a hit, and talking vigorously a few sentences later. Rudy Brown, a big, white-haired man, tells Bob Cannon that he is the best Burger kid's son in any pop-dance area in the world, and Cannon says that's a bit, everyone, with the most of kids, innocent while knowing how. He can't think of anything appropriate to say, so he just goes. Kalamita goes on the scene. "Really, Gerry. Oh, yes, I just met it." (Cannon, despite Rago's confidence in him, was fired by the Toronto management of Hair shortly after the Hair of the hair, the management dismissed, was "operational clothing.")

For the Mensageiro Tribo, Hair is a spiritual thing. Rudy Brown says: "I want to love Hair because it's spiritual, and you don't sign spiritual things on one man and off the next. It's a way from a sign, the way they try to do in church." A sign, quiet, 22-year-old girl in the cast says Hair has given her greater religious feeling than anything else in her life. At the end of the show, it is the number called *Philip* Fender, Jr., in it's better known, *Let the Sunshine In* — about a third of the cast is conspicuously weeping as Burger makes the sign of the cross over his baby. Clowes, who was asked in Vietnam after releasing to leave his draft card. It's the same every night. Clowes lies on a black blanket. The up-front eyes are red. They absorb the audience to *Let the Sunshine In*.

Many people in the audience do realize that the show starts with the kids out. At that play stage with the performers, who come right into the audience. Occasionally, someone in the front row won't go. Burger looks his face after he's dropped down on some

As a group, Rudy Brown, Kalamita, and stage in Hair. Most of the 15 girls and boys of the Toronto company are talented pop-art-artists from middle-class homes — along them (from top) Andrew Peterson, Lynda Squires and Carmen Little



middle-aged lady just for safe-keeping during the show. One woman removed one of Paul Ryan's moccasins as he dangled from a rope above her husband, then used to get on the floor with it. That's all it was. But there was the other one, and they're not far at all. There was a man in the third row who took out his lighter and tried to burn Cannon while he was singing in the audience, during his act. There was former colour master Paul Hedderly, who said he'd not come to a scene, and there was the person who'd come all the way from Ottawa to see the show and then could recall only that they used "that word" over and over.

For some reason, Hair is a profoundly moving. In the U.S., some people have seen it 15 times. And the odds? "We're all messengers," Rudy Brown declares, pointing to the white-plaster angel that's featured over the stage. "Messengers, saying that if people don't get their heads together, it's all over for us. Look, it's not easy, we're saying. The draft, Vietnam, pollution, the drug, the nuclear arm's race, people say we're more, but they're more in our head. Some of the kids still show the face when they stand on the stage, but when it's stage, what they want to do. And they'd discover themselves and know what Hair is and never come back to last word."

Now, the audience is working just in the theatre district, the first first-law-letter word in Paris, Tokyo, Detroit, Belfast, Copenhagen, Amsterdam — more cities all the time. At the first electronic network the whole cast of the Hairists from in their studio. The music is working on their, getting through to them on the skins on the ground floor, in the hotel balconies, and those in the network of ladders and scaffolding that envelopes the stage. Now, they begin to respond to the audience's cry. First one, then two, and then all their heads for the stage with the deliberate, slow, get of breath.

The electronic voice connects the kids with the authority of a tribal chieftain's. It's a cry, a cry, a cry, the cry, the cry, the cry of a guitar from which the message rippled to clear an electronic pulse through a stream of transistors, scores of semiconductor and a cluster of transistors and capacitors to emerge and give voice to the drawing of the hair of the hairdressing. All the kids have come together, forming a circle, holding, clenching by the wrist or shoulder, wanting to enclose the stage of hair. Their singing, drawing circle revolves with the crowd of some respect, but they're not and not with the dollar-amount shown graphed strips of a Broadway show. The Mensageiro Tribo's sign of seven in front signs. □

The Emperor's Last Stand: A Portrait Of Joey Smallwood Today

BY IAN ADAMS
Illustration by David Blackwood

THE BIG, UNFRIENDLY face of Sir Robert, 79-year-old premier of the Newfoundland island, seems more, less than to say something that before he can begin there is the noise of someone scraping his finger in my ear — the kind of noise people make when they want to attract the attention of their dogs. 'The Premier is speaking,' roars Robert, who is Smallwood's Minister of Health. I turn to Sir noise, and there is the Premier of Newfoundland, Joseph Smallwood. He gives for one flaring instant, his eyes closed, fragments embedded behind thick glass. Then he begins belching into the microphone of his special oil telephone.

"Hello, John! How are you?" Smallwood talks as if he were about to sock the telephone right up into his mouth as if he had the desire to wrap his mouth being around these icy pulsating electronic messages, his own secret power source. All morning I have watched him plug phone calls, tape recordings and intercom systems into himself. And yet, strangely, he is never listening, except to himself. All that without of electricity appears only to feed his chaotic energy. And the input of information only serves his own interior responses — running around inside himself, pecking at tapes and recordings. Smallwood listening to Smallwood, unplugging the world he no longer needs, because he is, in the end, children say, totally plugged into himself.

So much so that, although there are eight other men sitting around this luncheon table — five of them his cabinet ministers — they have all become companions. Silent and motionless, they stare down into their plates, mouthing at their salads, apparently not even listening to the telephone conversations Smallwood is having with one of his favorite high-finance operators, John Shuckan. "Did he say that John?" he is yelling into the microphone. Later, Smallwood would tell us his face during, "President Nixon put his arm around my young friend Shuckan today and asked him, 'How's my old pal Joey?' — imagine that!" Boasting across the emptiness of lost eyes there is only the overbearing personality of Joseph Smallwood, riding on that incessant barely perceptible noise that turns everyone's brains to glass, and leaving Smallwood, approaching his 70th birthday, on the biggest power trip of his life.

THEY TALK ABOUT Newfoundland as had the 1969 fishing season had been worse than usual. A chain reaction of strikes and layoffs created a great deal of unemployment in the Labrador zone mines. The British-owned Electric Reduction Company of Canada supported by a U.S.-British government loan and a power authority that was costing the province \$1.4 million a year, had ended up polluting Plouffe Bay with phosphorus, with God

knows what long-term effects on marine life, and immediately paying some 400 fishermen out of business. The unemployment figures for the early part of the winter indicated that unemployment would probably reach 11 percent. Merchants in such northeastern areas as Amqui's Cove, where the population was formerly about 300 and now is down to 1,000, reported that 85 percent of the families are scraping by on welfare, and that men were standing around with nothing to do during winter of the sea.

The economy of Smallwood's tight little island kingdom is depressing, the future bleak. The population is a bit more than half a million but the total debt is more than \$750 million. Between 1971 and 1975 a sum of short-term loans for more than \$80 million will come due — \$30 million to West German moneylenders — and will have to be refinanced at higher interest rates. Newfoundland is approaching the point where it will have to borrow just to pay off interest on loans. Smallwood will need lots of money from the federal government to hold himself out. His province has the lowest wages (\$100 in manufacturing compared to a national average of \$124), the highest per capita debt (\$640 per person) and one of the highest cost-of-living rates in Canada.

But he is pressing ahead with his industrialization of Newfoundland and Labrador. He has borrowed \$55 million in government-backed loans for a \$120-million laserboard mill in St. John's, and another \$110 million to bring sought by an oil refinery at Corner Brook. It is this "devil on wheels" pursuit of industry that ended in 1959 the first visible sign of political opposition. They became apparent to everyone in the better aftermath of the provincial Liberal leadership convention Smallwood won on November 1.

Watching TV, manufacturers who have always thought of Smallwood as a folk hero were shocked to see anti-Smallwood campaigners crowding on to the convention floor, screaming, "Slog Mo!" — campaign workers weeping heavily in defeat, and some of the younger ones defiantly burning their Liberal Party membership cards. The deep wounds caused by 25 years of government by patronage had broken open.

In a way, the convention had been set up to look like a provincial election, and it might just as well have been. Smallwood's Liberal Party holds 36 seats in the legislature. The official opposition, the Progressive Conservative Party, holds three seats. One is vacant, one is held by an independent Liberal and one by the Labrador Independent Party. But any real political opposition comes from what Smallwood calls "the mavericks" and "upstart cabinet ministers" in his party.



More and more of our natural wonders are becoming natural disasters.

The notion that Canada has so much natural beauty that we'll never run out of it is a myth.

Take the waving waist-high original prairie grass. It's long gone.

Same with the primeval hardwoods that once covered southern Ontario.

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It proudly moves mountains in B.C.

And promises to create mountainous new problems.

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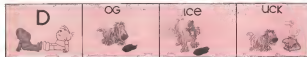
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TV Is Not Bad For Kids- But It Could Be Even Better.

Here's How



PINNED PARADISE is a wonderful thing. Because of my wife and I were able to attract attention to that our two sons are exactly 18 months apart. 'They'll be close enough to play together' we told ourselves. They won't be in our hair all the time. 'The result is a mildly neurotic 4½-year-old and a slightly precocious three-year-old. They do play together, frequently and joyfully, but they still require constant supervision 12 hours a day.

There are roughly three million children under the age of six in Canada and the parents of this army of preschoolers know how valuable those 12 hours can become. They seem so long the days of woe and tears, the harsh stay-at-home days when cry, wail and perfectly coordinated feet don't put a stop to the thunder. A young mother can appreciate the claustrophobic atmosphere of spilled apple juice and non-negotiable demands. Small wonder if, in desperation, she falls back on the electronic substitute for the Victorian nursery: the preschooler's miracle of television.

There's a great deal of conventional nonsense talked about the effects of TV on children. Publicly given to dubious psychological experiments, with cogent results and measured highly idealistic theories about child rearing have left many mothers feeling morally pained about the 10 hours a week the average child spends in front of the TV set. If it were in charge it would be the mother who dawns television to her preschoolers who would be morally condemned.

To begin with the argument that aggressive behavior can be "ingrained" by

time he enters the first grade the child who studies television has a vocabulary as much as a year ahead of his non-viewing peers. TV has a greater educational influence than all the formal institutions devoted to education," says Dr. Edward Patten, who is director of research for the Children's Television Workshop affiliated to the National Educational Television network in the U.S. "For a parent to say 'I don't let my child watch TV' is to neglect him to cultural deprivation." If television didn't already exist to divert the preschooler's needs in today's society we would have to invent it.

For all that there's no doubt much of what is spooned out for children by the commercial networks is a frenzied waste of the viewer's potential. I don't feel guilty about letting my children watch TV. I just feel angry that most of what they see is useless drivel. Television is a magic key. It can be used to open the gates of a child's imagination in a way I miss Carroll would have envied. When we see the Lewis Carroll of the medium? Bored, presumably under a commercial swivel of Captain Crunch cereal.

Butted his side and beginning to look. I realized that when I arrived home one day recently to find my child lying on his back in the living room, he was watching TV. I was a little bit angry. Now, you see, I was a little bit angry. ME: I was a little bit angry. ME: I was a little bit angry.

creative single show that American television has produced in its 25 years of largely unexciting existence. It's an hour-long daily program broadcast by the National Educational Television network and aimed directly at the preschoolers among the urban poor. For the hundreds of millions of these ghetto kids, nursery schools are an impossible luxury and the middle-class books on proper child rearing seem hopelessly irrelevant to their situation. However, Sesame Street's appeal is also universal. Since it began last November, it has picked up an incredible six million viewers in the U.S. Put another way, it has kept half of all the American children aged three to five quietly enthralled for at least an hour a day.

The show's popularity is no accident. The first 26-week series — 130 programs — was put together after two years of research. The total cost, eight million dollars in government and private grants. The format is a careful blend of inner content, friendly adults, real children, the make-believe world of a host of charming Muppet puppets, and witty animated cartoons. It's the way these elements are blended the program's pace that makes Sesame Street unique.

The specially arranged cartoons, for instance, are deliberate imitations of conventional television commercials. Joan Ganz Cooney, the 39-year-old guiding light of the series, discovered that young children are not only fascinated by commercials — the first song many kids learn is Wrigley's toothless Doublemint jingle — but they often learn to read by watching the words flash repeatedly across the screen. So consequently Sesame Street is punctuated every few minutes by animated sales pitches promoting the virtues of various numbers and letters of the alphabet. And at the conclusion there's a voice-over announcement. "Sesame Street has been brought to you today by the letters F, P and W and the numbers 1 and 5".

The show's goals are to give the very young a head start in the use of letters, numbers and words to teach them reasoning and problem-solving skills and to make the world around them more comprehensible. A follow-up study has been planned to see how much knowledge has been acquired. "It will be worth it if the kids learn to count to 10," one of the program's producers said in the beginning. The producers insist that they are learning much more than that.

The effect on my two preschoolers has been amazing. Says a Toronto mother who also has three other children: "Not only are they counting beads and using forward and backward the alphabet they are also asking how to spell words and asking for word definitions. Surprisingly they seem to be absorbing much more knowledge than any of my older children did at this stage."



Sesame Street is a unique blend of urban reality (that, once done tastefully and accurately) commercializing the virtues of various letters and numbers. This account for the letter D. It tells the story of how a real dog found some food on a flower box, won a duck from a friendly frog, walked along until he spotted a boy, dropped his duck on the floor, found a dime and bought a donut. "What else will you see?" If you dig a dinosaur, that year back for a dime. Courtesy of D.

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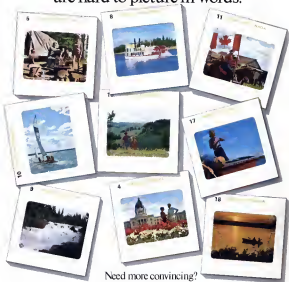
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"You can count on the fingers of one hand the number of children's shows on this continent that don't set out deliberately to exploit children"

Fransuelino is the show's whole approach to its sense of full involvement. Children don't just watch *Seamus Street*; they actually live there. It's a phenomenon you have to see to believe.

Unfortunately, few Canadian parents have that chance. *Seamus Street* plus another excellent NET program for preschoolers, *Mattapost's Neighborhood*, can be seen only by viewers who can pick up broadcasts from the U.S. border stations. While CBC programmers are watching *Seamus Street* with "great interest," there was no decision at time of writing on whether to buy it.

The irony here is that the CBC is finally being encouraged to build a professional and long decorated. Until recently the CBC was the only television network in North America with a department specifically devoted to the development and production of children's programs. With merging, with rate producers, it will need only to Weel, even in terms of size.

Because of its facilities the CBC over the years has been able to attract several American interests in the (unusual) use of TV for children. *Mattapost's* first program was launched by the CBC in 1963 and ran for two seasons before its creator, Fred Rogers, moved the show back to his native Pittsburgh. All the show's extended facilities, its direct approach to the problems of being alone and Rogers' constant reassurance that he takes the child "just the way you are," were first worked out in Toronto.

Similarly, the most influential behind two of the CBC's most successful programs, *The Friendly Giant* and *Mr. Dressup*, is American Robert Henson (rhymes with heaven) dressed friendly 16 years ago in Madison, Wisconsin, where it ran as an educational station for five years before moving to Canada. Brad Corbitt who is Mr. Dressup, is a native of Maine who came to Canada as a puppeteer for Fred Rogers but stayed on because the opportunities here were then superior to anything available in the U.S.

Finally is the theater and supplier of the two programs, but the simplicity is deceptive. It makes a careful structure

worked out by Henson and his puppeteer, Dick Conyne, that has earned little over the years. Every program is built around a single theme — the concept of sharing, the human people wear hats — that is illustrated either by a storybook or by music. Friendly is an obvious father figure. The kids identify with a younger puppet called Sissy, representing an exuberant younger child, or with Jerome the Gnat, the know-it-all older brother.

"We try to create an awareness in the child," says Henson. "We want to be a part of his life for 15 minutes. The structure of the show is important because it stresses the beginning-middle-end concept. There's no great psychological theory behind the show. We use our intuition. I try to act as a reasonable parent with a couple of kids. The mood is one of quiet masculinity. You could say that the manner is the message. We assume kids like us."

They do. Friendly has an audience of some 800,000 Canadian children and is becoming increasingly popular in the U.S. where it's carried on NET just before *Seamus Street* (Not all the American audience on children. To the embarrassment of Henson, the father of three teenage children and one 11-year-old, Friendly is the latest hero of the homosexual underground and the show is greeted by prolonged cheers in New York's gay bars).

Mr. Dressup is a much more elaborate production. It has a larger audience and appeals to a slightly older viewer (the average age is four rather than three). Here, children identify with a little-boy puppet named Casey. Mr. Dressup himself represents, in Corbitt's words, "a romantic angle." An art teacher and a remarkably versatile set — building, drawing things, experiments with words, sometimes humming and making mistakes — there is a neat perfect blend of fantasy and hard fact.

Like *Seamus Street*, we're raising for viewer involvement," says Judith Lewis, the show's puppeteer and a former nursery-school teacher. "Kids will watch anything as long as it's interesting. The program is fun and pleasant entertainment. Yet the themes message gets across. Last year we received show that Mr. Dressup often influences the parents of a child's play for the rest of the day."

Three full-time puppeteers supply the show for Mr. Dressup, although some of the shows are written by Matt Lawrence or by Corbitt. He picks up suggestions from his seven-year-old daughter and a 10-year-old son. There is considerable flexibility in the subject matter. Sometimes, for example, can be a straightforward demonstration of where wood comes from. Sometimes the show will deal with some complex problems such as who grown-ups want to be alone at

occasions. Topicality is an important element. Mr. Dressup has pretended to be the newest and prettiest baby. Gibbons has even tackled the race question with a discussion about skin color when a black folk singer visited the show. Hic's own trip to fight out an acceptable way to raise the subject of sex.

All in all, Mr. Dressup is the most sincere and beneficial thing produced for Canadian preschoolers and their parents since diaper services were started. Not only is it a reassuring success with parents, night children, but it has also proved itself unusually useful for those who work with backward or retarded children. A typical letter from Mr. Dressup's fan mail runs like this:

"It is so refreshing to see a program that is really planned with the children in mind — imaginative, but within their grasp, stimulating, but not frightening, realistic, but not cold. Mr. Dressup, his friend Susan and the puppets are all very special friends to my children even in the hours between programs."

In the face of such positive achievement and some approval, it is not to learn that Mr. Dressup was almost withdrawn. In preschool, *Matthew Square* was canceled back in February 1982 during one of those budget squabbles in which the CBC was miserably left off its best shows in order to save money. It was only after Corbitt and his colleagues promised to pull the show together on a shoestring that Mr. Dressup was allowed to make its entrance. The program has a little more money now but producer Gibbons is still operating with two cameras when he'd like three, and in black-and-white when the program cries out for color.

This seems to be an extraordinary situation for a public television network to be in. As Bob Henson says, "You can count on the fingers of one hand the number of children's shows on the continent that don't set out deliberately to exploit the child." (A prime example of such exploitation is CTV's *Koozie Koozie* produced in Canada under a license granted by the Ontario's American owners, which violates almost all the enlightened principles I've been discussing.)

If you include the Montreal-produced *Chut! Meline*, the CBC still has only 55 minutes a day devoted to extensive programs for preschoolers — and it hangs on those. My view is that the corporation should be producing much more and that we, as taxpayers, should be demanding it. *Seamus Street* proves that the creative possibilities of children's television are endless. With TV we can begin to build the best childhood, and imaginative possibilities that exist grow up in this complex world. They'll never lay down as if we continue to blow the opportunity. □

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16. Susie Kosovic
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MAX FERGUSON: 'At New's Harbour, Cape Breton, the summer is long and slow, with no pressing plans — just drifting around, digging for clams and hunting oysters'

I have a great fondness for the ocean, perhaps because of some parental influence of being born in Ireland just 10 years ago. I discovered the southeast highlands of Cape Breton. The very same people say, "Well we have the Rockies," but these highlands, which are nowhere near the height of the Rockies, offer a stunning view of rugged cliffside and ocean. There's only a narrow road that separates you from the sea and the cliffs.

Cape Breton is Switzerland for the Scots. Because of the people you find some parts of this homeland in the school. For me, it's everything. Coming from a concrete jungle such as Toronto or any big city in this you off the coast. You can be 20 miles outside Toronto and still see police properly sign. Cape Breton has no such thing.

Our summer place is a 50-year-old house perched up on a hill both above New's Harbour, a small fishing village on the northeastern tip of the island. When I leave Toronto at the end of June, I never want to see the city again. The summer is long and slow with no pressing plans. There's some shopping to be done around the shops, or some painting but I get that out of the way the first week. Then it's just drifting around, digging for clams, and hunting oysters swimming and walking.

The Cabot Trail is a beautiful paved highway that takes you on a great circle through the northern part of the island. But we've found that it's much more interesting to travel the dirt roads. There are all kinds of little excursions that you can take — you've discovered beaches and interesting little places down by the water that perhaps the tourist who stays on the highway never sees.

If nothing else, New's Harbour is the place where some musicians have found a happy home.

Max Ferguson (left) with daughters Anne (left) and Mandy (right) in Cape Breton

Carte Blanche offers credit to the young man on the way up.



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DALTON CAMP: 'For me, New Brunswick is freedom and renewal'

GRAND LAKE is New Brunswick, has been my summer home and office for 25 years. My roots are deepened here. My Loyalist forebears were driven from the colonies during the war, took up land grants and settled near Grand Lake.

ding St. Joseph and Saint John Rivers. I pick up everything in Toronto so soon as the summer comes and set up my office in a small cottage next to the college. Every morning starts with a mile jog, then there's leisure swimming, sailing (sloop football) for me. Grand Lake will remain one of those rare places where I can find the freedom and privacy to enjoy work, recreation and personal renewal.

Delton Camp, former national president of the Progressive Conservative Party, is a business consultant and columnist.

W. O. MITCHELL: "In the Shuswap country you knit together your own individual self"

Almost 10 years ago I discovered the North Okanagan unspoiled canyons were people entered with lakes — the target, a sprawling Haislaop Shownep lakes we found our own lake — Mahel — part of the Shownep system but not of the lake itself. I suppose the Haislaop children had made me more valuable than most because the project was accompanied by the philosopher's elements of earth, air, fire and then life water. I fell instantly in love with Mahel — 10 miles long and two wide — 30 feet in the south end by the Shownep River, which flows out across where the road

and I built our cabin. We manage to spend July and August there, and through the fourth of winter in Calgary I often dream of her. It's like breaking

off a worth and installing fragments of August again and again.

The life of Mabel has never had much magic for pop like Helen for instance — yet Mabel managed to be both in the 1930s playing sloopy numbers to square a crook, a flailing pitiful boss, a skiff, a mermaid, a lion, a lecher, a mad scientist, and for a while, Mabel has a lot of lovely things going for her: the ingenious waterfalls of the 1930s; check below our cottage the pale phases of Indian pop; carpeting the forests; fairy-fair gold and blue; Sigmund Freud, the mad supreme of float on, looms, swimming moose, and her own brand of Shreveport. Several No. 5 difficulties, and a few others, as varied ingredients have shown all over the North Atlantic.

This part of Canada is a fine trap, too, for grandchildren, their parents being them to engrave and assist and be belly down to give over dock edges.



JEAN BELIVEAU:
"I like the sporty trout
at Manicouagan"

I enjoy a fishing trip just for the thrill of catching a few and being with my friends. I've been going for almost 28 years with a friend from Quebec City Jacques Chabot owner of a dairy. U of two years ago, I used to go to his private fish-

ing lodge 100 miles north of Quebec City. He was the first to introduce me to fly fishing and trout fishing. Now that the property has been sold, we fish at Manicouagan. The big spot fish I once caught was a seven pound, Quebec red trout (Atlantic char). It took 30 to 45 minutes to land.

I'm an expert fisherman but I do like trout fishing. It's a sporty fish and good to eat. Even a small 10-ounce can

give you a healthy good fight. I enjoy a nice relaxing sport like fishing because I'm so active during the winter. I enjoy it as much as a good basketball game. Please? I am a quite patient fisherman, but I'm very free. There's a lot of fishermen who are more so. But me at the median category.

Wicker supervisor Jean Beliveau is captain of the Montreal Canadiens.

SUSIE KOSOVIC: 'I dig Quebec City — for food, atmosphere, the friendly people'

I am quite very far as food and European atmosphere. I like to go away from everything and relax, wander down the old streets. In a way, it reminds me of England. I've been in Canada only 12 years. I think you notice a certain similarity for the place you grew up in. When you find an occasion, you cling to it. I find a similar atmosphere in Quebec City because of its size and the buildings. The food is another matter — I am also eating French Canadian cooking is much better than French cooking.

When I go to Quebec City, I usually stay in a tiny place called the Old Blomstedt. It's very old world European. Most like a modern house, and from the square right next to the Chateau Frontenac. I've stayed at the Chateau as well, but I prefer the quaintness of the other. If you try to speak French, the people are generally very friendly and helpful. When I am, I usually go to the Consulate for a mixture of French Canadian and French cuisine. For a genuine Quebec atmosphere, I'll eat at the Vendôme a small old fashioned building, just across the street from the Consulate. Quebec City is an exciting town people. I enjoy the courtesy of an one know my who I am. I can forget about the fashion world and the upstart scene, and wander the streets at a pace of your own T-shirt.

Susie Kosovic operates The 20/20, a boutique in Toronto.



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NANCY GREENE:
"From the top of a BC mountain you look down into the valley and smog and wonder why anybody is down there."

Mountains are the kind of holiday. Hiking and skiing in British Columbia give you a chance to get away from things both summer and winter. You can stand on top of a mountain look down into the valley and the smog, and wonder why anybody is down there. Sometimes you feel you've escaped.

When you're in the mountains you can also get things in their proper perspective. There's nothing ghastly. That's one of the things about Mount Garibaldi's ski resort at the top

about 10,000 ft. is a lodge with 34 other people as an isolated oasis. The only way in and out is by helicopter. The helicopter flies in a peak, drops six people 30,000 feet above sea level and flies away. It's gone in a split second, dropping out of sight into the valley, the sun is shining on powder snow — it's a great feeling. Skislope is the ultimate, if you can afford it (they do, apparently). Skiing in Italy and Austria in the Garibaldi range can be just as beautiful with the snow

gone and flowers at their peak. I really think to enjoy an area as a sport you have to share it with nature. Skiing and climbing are two sports where overconfidence is very important. I heard someone say that a climber's rope is like an extension of his hands. Two climbers linked by a rope are tied together by much more than a rope — it's the experience they share. That's why I climb.

Nancy Greene's *Race* movie won 1989's World Cup for Canada.

continued on page 78

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Your car

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4. Your car is at one airport. Probably, the one you just left.
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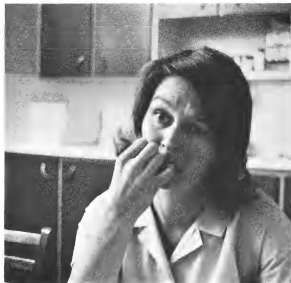
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This young mother thinks her husband is interested in other women and that her children hate her

Perhaps you know someone like her. You think she's being overly suspicious or overreacting. And yet, you read in the papers about young mothers hurling their children. Can we dismiss this as "over-acting"? Just like a physical problem, an emotional problem can grow and become increasingly harmful. That's why we must learn to heed the warning signs and do something constructive.

The Canadian Mental Health Association has seen what the tragic result can be when emotional problems are ignored. They want to change all that. Expert help is

available for people whose problems are too big for them to cope with alone. If you're wondering what you can do when someone you know has such a problem send for the free booklet, *When Things Go Wrong*. Write to your local branch, or to Box 565 Toronto 5. Also, by sending a donation, you can help continuing research into one of the tragic problems of modern society.

mentalHealth
Canadian Mental Health Association

*Booklet courtesy of West Coast Limited

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animals and strange birds, all just a camera click away. Take off in winter and land in summer. Amongst warm, friendly, English speaking people.

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A little off the beaten track.**



GORDON LIGHTFOOT:
'The Maritimes are the grooviest. And if you like watching people, PEI is the place to go'

I've chased the snowy swans, seen the Atlantic High rise, watched a 60-mile gale at Cape Sable, Newfoundland. I've been to Buffalo Island with the Eskimos, seen their seal hunt, been ice-fishing. But my favorite spot is the Maritimes. In the summer it's beautiful — especially Prince Edward Island. The whole south shore faces the Gulf of St. Lawrence and you can walk on it forever. You can also buy a two-pound

lobster for a buck and a half. Even when roadside stand. The island is peaceful during the summer, with fewer hawt hoots to get on the ferry. What you must remember is to book a motel room six weeks ahead. If you like watching people, this is the place, but you won't find them in the pubs because there aren't many. Charlottetown is not a pub-crawling town. I don't think there is much a restaurant that serves

wine with oysters. There is one nightclub and it has no sex — a drummer and a piano player. Dig here? The Charlottetown Hotel has a bear hall for ladies and ladies and events. I guess I just like being in PEI. Even though it's not the most moving experience I've had, a Maritime vacation is the grooviest.

Gordon Lightfoot is a folk singer and composer.
continued on page 84

Electricity began doing its thing long before the crowd arrived



even down to popping the corn.

Judy's sixteen today. So a lot went into this party. Yet through-it-all day everything went smoothly. Because Judy's mother has enlisted help — from electricity. At this home, meal making is a joy, whether it means opening a can or blending ingredients for a birthday cake. The laundry is taken care of automatically. There are electrical helpmates to keep everything clean and bright sparkling. And electricity keeps this house cozy warm throughout winter, refreshingly cool in summer. This is the kind of convenience and comfort you could be enjoying with the help of electricity. Every day of this year.

But electricity can serve you to the fullest extent only if your home is wired to take care of today's electrical requirements. If you live in an older home, a lack of electrical outlets, unsightly extension cords and blown fuses are signs that your wiring is not adequate to let you enjoy all the advantages of modern electrical living. You can re-wire your home with little disturbance and at less cost than you may imagine. The Hydro Pounce Plan will make it even easier to manage. Call a qualified electrical contractor today and have about re-wiring. When he's through doing his thing you'll probably want to celebrate with your own modernization party.

Up-to-date wiring makes so much more possible.





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and vacation services.
Au Nouveau Brunswick,
utilisez le service gratuit de
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In 1776, the Americans
tried to take over
New Brunswick. No Wonder.

Because New Brunswick is a place where
you can almost touch the peace and quiet.
It was there in 1776 and it still there
today.

You see it in Fundy National Park.
A place that's miles and miles of fairy tale forests
streams. And hills.

And you see it in our camping sites.
Our fishing spots. And in our caves
and beaches.

New Brunswick has more island water
for its size than any other area on the
continent. And it has art galleries. A unique
historical area and natural wonders.

And there's plenty of comfortable
accommodation and good food.
But most important, there's peace
and quiet.

Which is why we make a big noise
about New Brunswick.

En 1776, les Américains tentèrent
de conquérir le Nouveau Brunswick.
Rien d'étonnant à cela.

Au Nouveau Brunswick, tout est calme
et sérénité.
C'était ainsi en 1776. C'est encore ainsi
aujourd'hui.

Vous le remarquerez dans le parc national
de Fundy, étendue boisée offrant des rivières et des
milles de forêts enchantées de rochers et de collines.

Ce calme et cette sérénité regrettent aussi
dans nos tentes de camping, nos lieux de pêche
dans nos amers et sur nos plages.

Le Nouveau Brunswick offre proportion-
nellement, plus de lac et de rivières que n'importe
autre région du continent. Et il possède aussi des
musées d'art, des antiquités, des lieux historiques
et des merveilles naturelles.

Vous y trouverez aussi tout le confort
d'être ainsi qu'une excellente cuisine.

Mais surtout, vous y trouverez le calme
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à grand bruit.

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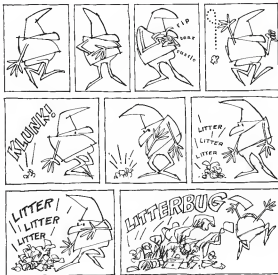
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ML 1

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They leave paper wrappers, bottles, cans and every conceivable manner of disposable junk. They leave it where vacationers and tourists as well as residents see it, and are annoyed by it.

Think what our great scenic vistas would be like without picnic trash, our

city streets without dirty bits of newspaper flying in our faces on windy days, parks and playgrounds without bottles to trip over and lakes and rivers free of discarded food and crumpled containers.

Canada is the sum total of its magnificent outdoor scenery, its fine tourist facilities, its cities, parks, water playgrounds and its considerate and hospitable people. It is a wonderful place to spend a vacation. To visit. To live in. Let's keep it that way. Let's all be considerate of the other person. Keep Canada Beautiful.

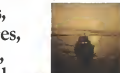
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Figure 1

PENNSYLVANIA EXCITEMENT

Reynold F. Bailey, *Secretary • Communications and Propaganda*

Should Woman's Greatest Indoor Sport Be Open To Men?



Shopping

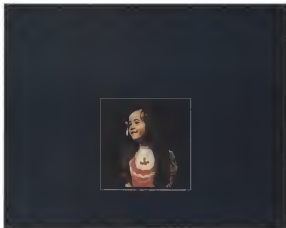
Many women will admit that men have some value. As far as shopping goes, this value is often seen as being the pushing force behind a grocery cart.

But the truth is, you are all involved in shopping. When you buy an advertised product you are joining in an activity that spreads good throughout Canada.

And when you make your choice of product on the basis of advertising you are not only making a better choice—because you know the facts—you are helping maintain that freedom of choice which is your right.

Men do participate in women's greatest indoor sport. We all do. Keep choosing, madam. We're on your team.

The Marketing Advertising Bureau of Canada



Angela Thibault invites you to her 100th birthday.

Angela's part of a family of one million. They're all Manitobans. They're all waiting to meet you. To say "hello." To celebrate the province's Centennial. To share with you happy moments. Miles of sandy beaches. Fresh, clean air. One hundred thousand lakes. Live theme. Top accommodations. Rock festivals. Ballet. Rodeos. Museums and historic sites. Come — celebrate with Angela, her brother Mack, Mom and Dad and the other 999,996 friendly Manitobans.

Manitoba

Take Back Some Memories

EXPLORE CANADA continued



MEL HURTIG: "Hiking trails, a cabin in the Rockies — and three cold, dry martinis"

Every look good in a shirt, or if you love champagne and women, you should probably try at one of the famous resort hotels in Banff or Jasper. If you want to experience the mountains, if you want to unwind back far enough so that words like reality, perspective and relax begin to mean something — then you probably should.

You can rent out your four-wheelers and drop back again to Manitowish, Saginaw, Adirondack and Peppo and you'll be blue in the face without really obtaining the essence of the Rockies in summer itself and Jasper. Here there is almost no hiking. To hike or climb is to conquer the world. It is to experience the supreme knowledge of Earth and the absolute limit of man.

I am not going to tell you about all the beautiful isolated open where you can hike away in the mountains — just as close you'll disappear in cover. I'll mention only one, because it's close to the highway (50 miles north and 1000 feet above Banff) and you'll probably see it anyway. If you see your friend's friend about Bow Lake. Now to Jack Lodge and old Johnny Siggins, this you don't know much about Canada. On several thought better not to. You may decide you don't ever want to leave.

Mel Hurtig is an Edmonton book editor and publisher.

GERRY GALLAGHER: "Ontario's Bruce Peninsula — lots of beaches, and a great place to meet people"

As an western I see Canada in a different light. When I came here in 1951 I could hardly visualize the tremendous size of Ontario. It interested me when I realized that I could drive 300 miles for three days and still be inside a single province.

The thing I find most fascinating about Ontario is for people, the greatest asset of all. My job takes me to remote places in the north. I spend my nights talking to bush pilots and Indians in the Hydro camp, drinking beer and listening to their tales. I also like being in the parks in Cootes Paradise and Knapikwong talking to the French Canadian. We talk about the weather. I buy them a drink and then we get into their stories. If you go to Algonquin, you can talk with the Indians in an atmosphere that's just like an old-time Hollywood movie set.

When my family goes to vacation we usually go to Parry Sound, an ideal place for small children. There are miles of sandy beaches in the Bruce Peninsula. And even on the holidays, I like to meet people.

Gerry Gallagher is president of Loctite (U.S.) International Laboratories.



ARTHUR HALEY: "In winter or summer, I like Banff — the place that made me a 'hero'"

My greatest joy is raising a country or a place through the eyes of my children. I usually try to combine a business trip with a week for vacation so I can bring my family along. Our trip last year combined Washington, D.C., and Denver (I'm writing on a novel about the auto industry) with a look at the Rockies. I wanted the children to see some of the background for the book.

Our Canadian visit includes one of my favorite vacation spots, Banff. It's very kind of the place — I was there when I was a young pilot cadet and have been back several times since. I like kids like the winter and the summer there. The weather tends to be a little sporty, but if you have five or six days, you can usually get one good day.

The last time I had visited Banff, the hotel that I was staying at burned down. There was quite a loss of the papers in the papers in I had left my manuscript. As a result, my first novel was lost. After I saw the fire was contained temporarily, I went back in and got the copy saved except I used only an original with me. Actually I only had one copy of the chapter I had been working on. Of course, if I were a reporter I wouldn't let me much seriously spoil a good story. The next day, my newspaper wrote of my public return to a burning hotel to see my manuscript.

Arthur Hailey is a best-selling novelist whose most recent novel was *Alphabet*.

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The drawings which make up Bartlett's Canada were first published as a book in England in 1880 when the art of engraving was at its height, and the few existing first edition copies of this book include the treasures of public libraries and national archives—valued at more than a king's ransom.

And now, Bartlett's exquisite drawings and engravings are available to all lovers of the art and collection of early Canadiana in a new volume as lavishly beautiful as the scarce originals it depicts. It brings together the complete collection of his Canadian drawings and engravings—and marks the first time his extensive drawings and original sketches have appeared in book form. Also added is a modern description text of 20,000 words including a special introduction by Henry C. Campbell, Chief Librarian, Toronto Public Library, which sets Bartlett in his time and explains the fascinating persons by which his work was prepared for publication.

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EXPLORE CANADA continued



STAN LEONARD: "Meet the world on a tug at Rivers Inlet, BC—and no talking golf!"

I've spent five summers at a little place called Rivers Inlet, about 300 miles north of Vancouver. That's where the tide runs salmon run. You fly in by float plane and spend a week on a huge tug. The boat, owned by a British Columbia salmon company, has nine staterooms and a dock large enough for several small fishing boats.

Another thing that makes it so nice is having a club on board—the best is out of this world! We have steak, trout, beef, turkey but amazingly enough, very little seafood. It is not really the standard diet. Groups of 12 to 16 people take the two-hour flight to or away four days—people from all over the world. And what makes the fishing fun is our annual pool. Everybody puts in \$15 and the guy who catches the top fish gets a party in town—several hundred dollars. There's also a daily pool of five dollars. And the fish are not last year's top fish (worth \$15), points.

It's not the gambling that's important, though, it's the people you meet. Fishing lets me get away from golf for a while. Sure, you take a little golf, but you're with different people and the conversation is usually about other things. Through the years you become so close you associated with golf and realize that it's just golf and golf. It's kind of nice to talk about something else.

Stan Leonard is a top Canadian performer on the international pro-golf circuit.

continued on page 96

The bargain Bauer



The bargain Bauer is still one of the world's best home movie cameras. It just doesn't cost like one. CDS through-the-lens metering and viewing, zoom lens and single frame (instant) exposure—these are hardly the features you'd expect to find in a Super 8 at the C-3's price. But they're just the beginning. See for yourself the fine craftsmanship and precision Bauer Vario zoom optics that make the C-3 an outstanding camera regard less of price. Now you can afford a fine movie camera.

The only thing low priced about the Bauer C-3 Super 8 is the low price.



See your camera dealer or write: Kugawag Film Equipment Limited, 821 Kipling Avenue, Toronto 15, Ont.

ARTHRITIS

Cripples our Economy

Arthritis is a crippling disease. The total impact of long-term crippling disabilities on our national health and economy, now and in the years ahead, is beyond comprehension. Every year arthritis cripples Canadians, 9,000,000 lost work days Canadian workers lose more than \$300 million in wages alone due to arthritis. Your business is very likely to be affected directly, or indirectly, by this

crippling disease that disables some quarter of a million persons, most of whom are in their most productive years. Continuing research and advances in therapeutic knowledge raise the hope of the conquest of arthritis in our time. The achievement of this goal is in the national interest and merits the support of all responsible citizens.



Support the volunteer work of THE CANADIAN ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATISM SOCIETY

INDEPENDENT CANADIAN BRANCHES: VANCOUVER, WHEATON, OTTAWA, MONTREAL

This message is contributed by the member publishing of The Magazine Advertising Bureau of Canada

"If we stop all advertising, will prices go down?"



It's no secret that advertising comes in for a good deal of criticism. Is it justified? To find out, Laird O'Brien interviewed Professor W. H. Poole from the School of Business, Queen's University. Professor Poole answered questions about advertising and how it affects prices, competition, "economic waste" and buying habits. His objective comments are worth reading.

Professor Poole knows the business world from both the academic and practical sides. For a number of years he was on staff at the University of Alberta, the University of Manitoba and Queen's University. He joined a Canadian marketing organization as research manager and later was Vice-President and Manager of a large advertising agency. He is now Professor of Business at Queen's University, Kingston.

Question: What do the critics say about advertising?

PROF. POOLE: From an economic point of view there are serious criticisms. Advertising is wasteful, for one. That causes prices. That is a massive waste of resources. It causes massive profits for some companies and makes it difficult for new companies to enter the market.

Question: Your first point was economic waste. Is advertising wasteful?

PROF. POOLE: If we accept that we are living in a basically free enterprise economy, there is inevitably some duplication and waste of resources. It happens in advertising. It also happens when you find four gas stations in one intersection. Or three department stores in the same shopping plaza.

Any form of free economy does have its waste. But there is another side to it: the competition between companies encourages new product development, improved quality, better service.

Question: Some people say that if we stop all advertising, prices will go down. What about it?

PROF. POOLE: The editors of the Harvard Business Review asked the same question. They found that 85% of businessmen did not think that eliminating advertising would change the cost of products.

That's the crux of the problem: advertising is one factor—and frequently a rather small factor—that determines how a product is sold. It's a selling tool. Like television, static displays, posters, the type of store it's sold in, and so forth.

If you eliminated advertising—the other selling factors would play a larger role. Isn't it logical that a manufacturer would have to add more salesmen or build bigger store displays or find some other ways to compete? Probably the new methods wouldn't be as effective and they could be more costly. Advertising is really a very expensive way to sell products.

Question: What about the argument that advertising makes people buy things they don't need?

PROF. POOLE: You can say that all people really need is a hot diet, clothing and shelter.

Advertising doesn't make people buy. It informs, persuades, and broadens the area of choice. It encourages people to spend. And it encourages people to save. A good example is the campaign for Canada's Savings Bonds.

And remember something called the Edsel Milliken was spent on advertising, but people still chose not to buy it. The

Mustang, on the other hand, was a great success because it filled the need of the day.

Advertising can't reach into somebody's pocket and take the money. It can only open a wider area of choice. And isn't that what our free, market-oriented economy is all about?

Question: What do you expect from advertising in the years ahead?

PROF. POOLE: I hope that the industry be able to weed out any advertising that is deceptive or misleading.

And I hope that advertising can be used to sell ideas as well as products. There is no doubt that advertising is a powerful method of communication. And an efficient one in terms of cost. After all, we are advertising—its expense and people—in private concepts that are important from a social viewpoint?

I'm thinking of things like safe driving. Or recruitment of policemen, nurses and social workers. Even undertaken by government nations.

NOTE: Yes, the consumer, can do something about "bad" advertising.

Write for your copy of the industry's Code of Ethics. The address is Advertising Standards Council, 159 Bay Street, Toronto 116, Ontario.

Read the booklet. Keep it handy. If you see an advertisement that you think breaks or seriously leads the rules, fill in and mail the complaint before enclosed with the Code booklet.



They know a good brand when they wear it

People who know what they want: newest fashions, dependable quality at sensible prices... these are our kind of people. That's why they keep coming back to Fruit of the Loom. They know good value and style when they see it... they know a good brand when they wear it.



Trust the Label,
Trust the Value

Available at major Eaton stores
and other fine stores across Canada





ED MIRVISH: 'Why leave Toronto? It offers everything I want from a holiday'

I've never had a cottage and I've traveled very little through the country. I don't take holidays. Everything I want from a holiday I can find in Toronto. Now I'm in the restaurant business, meeting people from all over the world. I find my opinion of the city much the same as yours. They love it.

Of course, you can't miss New York or the Toronto-Dominion Centre, but you can miss these such things as the Kensington Market, Miikiluk Village, the islands and our great restaurants where I don't have much leisure time, when I do, I usually walk through the St. Lawrence Market and Sullivan Street, or sit in the middle of University Avenue and watch the traffic. These places appeal to me, they have color. I only hope we'll manage to leave them as they are. We need more of warmth and color.

I enjoy people. I don't have a strong need to get away. I can have a holiday in the middle of two million people.

'Winter Kid' Mirvish is a merchant, theatre owner, restaurateur and entrepreneur.



LEN MARCHAND: 'Home in the Okanagan, I'm more a cowboy than a politician'

The Okanagan Lake area in British Columbia is where I spent my childhood and I'm still very attached to it. Even though I'm living in Ottawa now, I like to go back as often as I can.

I grew up on an Italian reserve of about 700 people, swimming and living in the outdoors most of my life. I used to go traps and backdoor groceries and I left home 15 years ago. We had a lot of pleasure and fun on the reserve, which made for good living.

When you're living out in the country like that, you really don't know how close it is until you've been away from it for a while. I guess I'll always be more of a cowboy than a politician. At home, I used to help run a small ranch, riding almost every day. I still like to ride and keep a horse.

Education and experience may have taken me away from reservation life and the Okanagan, but deep down roots will always bring me back.

Lennox Marchand is the Liberal MP for Kootenay-Columbia.

continued on page 96

After she logs 500 hours behind the counter, an Avis girl earns her wings.



There are two things that make an Avis girl special: Training. And Avis.

First, she has to be something special before we'll even hire her. Then after we hire her, we send her out on training wheels.

After that, she spends about three months behind the counter under the wing of a supervisor. Putting all that theory into practice. (And putting customers in a hurry, into one of our shiny new Plymouths in a hurry.)

Finally, after 500 hours or so of training, she graduates, and gets her own wings.

She's earned that, and they mean she's the best in the business.

They're out of Avis' graduate gift to her. And she in turn, is ours to you.

Take right off again with Avis.





JOHN BASSETT: 'The Eastern Townships — for riding, sailing and interesting people'

The six counties southeast of Montreal (the Eastern Townships) have every ingredient for a happy holiday. There's easy transportation, unspoiled countryside, good wine, world-class food and water — and the majestic Saguenay Fjord of Quebec. In the summer, you and your family can sail, ride, play soccer or golf in the water. It is one of the better places in Canada. The country around Lake Memphrango and North Hatley (where we spend our summers) is literally

significant for its early-20th-century settlers. There are still many families of the third and fourth generations of those settlers living in the area.

The one element the Eastern Townships are often scarce than any other holiday spots in Canada is the second speaking of French, English and American people. Perhaps for this reason, it has become my favorite vacation spot.

John Basset is the publisher of the *Township Telegraph*.

ELAINE BEDARD: 'Partying through the Thousand Islands — it's always a new adventure'

My idea of a vacation is on a boat in the Thousand Islands. There are so many places you can go, so many interesting history books to look at and someone to party at. We usually cruise with our friends in something like a motor, partying all along the way. One service is boats belonging to the Ontario government, you can anchor, have a picnic, cocktails and a view around the boat. Of all the places we visit, I enjoy Alexander Bay and Georgian, Ontario, both charming and with good restaurants.

During the summer, we take the boat from Montreal down to the islands and dock at a marina near Kingston or Gananoque. If we have to go back to the city, we commute by car.

For me, the Thousand Islands is always a new adventure with boats, sunshine and water. Most places you can visit a house and see almost everything. You can go to the Thousand Islands 10 times and still find something different.

Elaine Bedard, our cover girl is a busy radio and TV personality and fashion model.



Fiat announces a new family sedan and a new Italian sportscar.

The car you're looking at is the Fiat 124S Sedan.

And in case you hadn't noticed, it's two cars in one.

It's a family sedan because it has five roomy seats with reclining bucket types up front. Dual headlights. Rubber bumper guards, front and rear. Windshield washers and wipers with special intermittent control. Courtesy lights and a back up light. A two speed heater. Flush door handles. A safety rear view mirror. And about 30 miles to a gallon of gas.

It's an Italian sportscar because it has a four speed stick shift, fully synchromesh.



Here it is.

Power assisted disc brakes on all four wheels. Wide rims. High performance radial ply tires. A sports dash with circular instruments. A map compartment in the console. A 1,438 cc engine. A top speed of over 90 mph. And the response and handling that you'd expect from a true Italian sportscar.

We're announcing the 124S as two cars because we have no way of knowing which half of it excites you.

But don't waste time deciding. You can get both halves for \$2,395.*

FIAT

The Fiat 124S Sedan.

The Italian sportscar spirit is standard equipment.

*Suggested retail price F.O.B. Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver. Does not include freight and local taxes.

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in a house and leave a heavy mortgage owing. In the 1930s, this didn't become so serious that some people found it to their financial advantage simply to walk away from their houses and allow them to be repossessed.

Reverse leverage is doubly painful if the buyer is locked into a high interest rate on borrowed money. Many Canadians coast on a steadily rising income to meet such debt payments. If an economic slowdown interrupts this pleasant process, financial distress may follow.

Take a typical buy-to-own, for which \$34,000 is paid. The mortgage is for \$29,000 over 25 years at an interest rate of more than 10 percent. The monthly payment and taxes total \$1000. The same house might have been owned 10 years ago for \$200 or less a month.

The man who buys the house today makes \$1,200 a month. Recent history tells him his income will rise by almost 10 percent a year. So he figures that in another five years he will be making more than \$1,800 a month. At that level, the \$1000 payment on the house doesn't look so bad.

But suppose inflation is hotter at the expense of a semi-retirement. Business is sluggish. The man in our example may find that his income hardly rises at all. Worse, his company may cut back and he may change jobs, possibly even accepting a drop in income.

Reverse leverage is making his debt more difficult to bear in relation to the enjoyment gained. And opposite the voice of the house doesn't rise as expected. Maybe it even drops a little — say, to \$12,000. Part of the Super's agency has misled him and he's still paying the whole bill for borrowed money.

Interest rates may also go down. He

finds that other people are now financing houses like his for \$250 a month in payments and taxes.

There's no reason to panic. But you should remember that all this is reverse theory. It is hoped that the next few years will see a slower rise in prices. The inevitable result would be a slower rise in income. That would mean that debts contracted now will be paid off with scarcer, higher-value money than might have been expected. And that in turn means that it is not as profitable to invest in personal leverage.

Something similar applies to consumer goods bought for psychic enjoyment. If income stops rising, it's likely that people may be sorry they borrowed and spent so heavily. With less money available to pay off a debt that is more burdensome than expected, enjoyment of the item is likely to fall compared to the joys of having cash in hand.

Canadians have leveraged themselves heavily in recent years. Consumer debt has risen from over to \$10 billion since 1965. Mortgage/lender companies increased their loans from less than two billion dollars in 1965 to more than \$3.5 billion. None of this implies rational calculation or a wave of personal financial chaos. What it does mean is that Canadians today need to be more aware of what heavy debt can mean in an uncertain economic situation.

The dividend should not assume that five-percent inflation will be the norm. He should guard against making over-enthusiastic projections of his income and future debt-paying ability. He should not assume the value of his house is going to rise steadily, or at all. He should know that the cost of borrowing may decline and that it is unwise to undertake large, long-term loans that can't be renegotiated. □

MAGILL



"One of these days you'll come crawling back on your hands and knees!"

'But Patrick, What's Wrong With Saying (#***) On The Air?'

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

PERHAPS SOMEBODY there fundamental Anglo-Saxon explanation for the heavy clasp of English used as a cosmopolitanism on television is the far more obvious deepest cosmopolitanism. Perhaps, but despite considerable efforts by such new generation of youth, we have not seen the dawning of such an age of acquaintance. The general feeling in the best TV circles is that the basic four-letter words should still be avoided.

Unfortunately, nobody bothered to explain all this to Laurier LaPierre. The result was a LaPierre-produced chat show sent on the airwaves CJOH-TV last one night last January. During the course of the show two rather charming young women discussed the sexual of sexuality with gay abandon, using the language of copulation very well 19 times. They profited in as if totally unaware that the crude accounts and unbecomingly sexual references were playing the role of TV speakers all across station Ontario — coming letters, television and television history.

That was a Monday. By Friday LaPierre and his female cohort, Patrick Watson, had both resigned from their creative posts with Bushnell Communications Limited, the owner of CJOH. A series of bold experiments in creative television that Watson had been overseeing for CJOH were all but washed up. And the beleaguered staff of Bushnell produced Brian Griffiths for the formation of Canada's first TV network had given up already.

The events that led up to



LaPierre and Watson, actors, journalists and television history.

the January crisis began the previous June when Watson and LaPierre issued Bushnell with such studies by Griffiths. Watson was named vice-president of programming, LaPierre manager. Their role was not only to give Bushnell a glimpse, without any but also to help develop a constructive program philosophy for the "lustrous" mainstay with Griffiths a winning and dealing for in central Canada. He has already acquired CJSB-TV in Cornwall. He now needs the Canadian Radio-Television Commission's formal approval for the purchase of CFCF-TV in Montreal and secondarily stations in Kingston, Peterborough and North Bay.

The Ottawa station, founded two years ago by well-known chairman Ernest Bushnell, remains the nucleus of three plans. Long aspirations as the vital capital-city of the hand-to-hand variety, founded on a shooting. A lawsuit CJOH story concerns the late Bruno Gernez took an elaborate CJOH-TV production crew through the National Arts Centre for a pre-opening video special. Halfway into his last CJOH because aware that their seemed to be a second camera crew close behind him, leading on his last. "I hope you don't read," an apologetic CJOH producer explained. "But you see my station wouldn't give me any lighting equipment." Sure enough where the CJOH program came out — a week ahead of the CBC's — Gernez appeared in every shot.

Another major CJOH is called "the incredible Channel 13" by Ottawa-area viewers is the unavailability of its programming schedules. "They're quite likely to move the program all around, change their minds and move them back again in the space of four shows," says one experienced viewer. To solve the problem the creation, the station employs a book of dumb-bell, making, busy hours "beats" who keep popping up during the credits to make such announcements as "Next Thursday, sorry, Monday at 8:30 follows with Duran on a tour."

One victim of the station's penchant for constant reshuffling was Judy LaMotte. Her dilapidated "fantasy" show suffered three time changes in an episode. That program was one of Griffiths' brightest ideas and it might have had continued on page 158

Life is a Mutual affair.

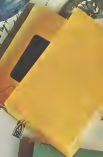


63-3740
TORONTO

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at the City of Toronto
solemnized the Marriage

day of



The Record and
report the bride
at the marriage of
Nancy Jane to
Mr. Robert Mc

Remember? You promised yourself. No getting serious until you'd seen the world. Small world! Before you could say Tahiti you'd taken the vows.

But that was yesterday. Tomorrow? That's something you should be building toward, now. Especially if you're married. Or about to be.

We share your concerns about the future. Whatever plans you have, we have ones to match them. Together we can help you get more out of life. And give you more peace of mind about tomorrow.

Perhaps it's our unique background, or the way we listen, but when people come to us — they stick with us. More than any other life insurance company in Canada.

Life is a mutual affair.



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For the taste of your life —
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